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SCREENLAND

January

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Rita Hayworth

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JIMMY STEWART'S FUTURE PLANS

FEB -1 1947

No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action
will make your hair look so lovely!
Drene your hair and bring out all its gleaming beauty,
as much as 33% more lustre than any soap.
Drene is not a soap shampoo.
It never leaves any dull, dingy film on hair, the way all soaps do.
Such manageable, satin-smooth hair, right after shampooing
. . . now that Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action.
Complete removal of unsightly dandruff too . . .
when you shampoo your hair this glamour way.
So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action,
or ask your beauty shop to use it.

• In Private Life, Lily often wears th
shining example of a casual, soft hair-d
"Remember," says Lily, "the more simp
your hair-do, the more important i
gleaming beauty." She knows that onl
Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditionin
action will make her hair look so lovely



Learn About Hair-dos From the Girls who Know

Lovely Lily Carlson, glamorous New York model, Cover Girl and Drene Girl . . . poses for many famous fashion photographs. She wears her Drene-lovely hair in many exciting styles.

In Front of the Camera, Lily chooses this center-part upsweep to go with the jersey dress by Joel. "See how my back hair is combed up into shining rolls. Twist strands of pearls around velvet ribbon for the matching comb and choker." That polished-smooth look of Lily's hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.



Drene

Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action

"Finally got yourself a man, Honey?"





CUPID: What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! . . . Sis . . . don't you *ever* smile?

GIRL: Smile? *Me?* I--

CUPID: Marshmallow, don't you know that even plain girls get dates if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You—

GIRL: Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam . . . No. Not with my dull teeth. I brush 'em like clockwork, but they just won't gleam.

CUPID: Hmmm. Any "pink" on your tooth brush lately?



GIRL: But—

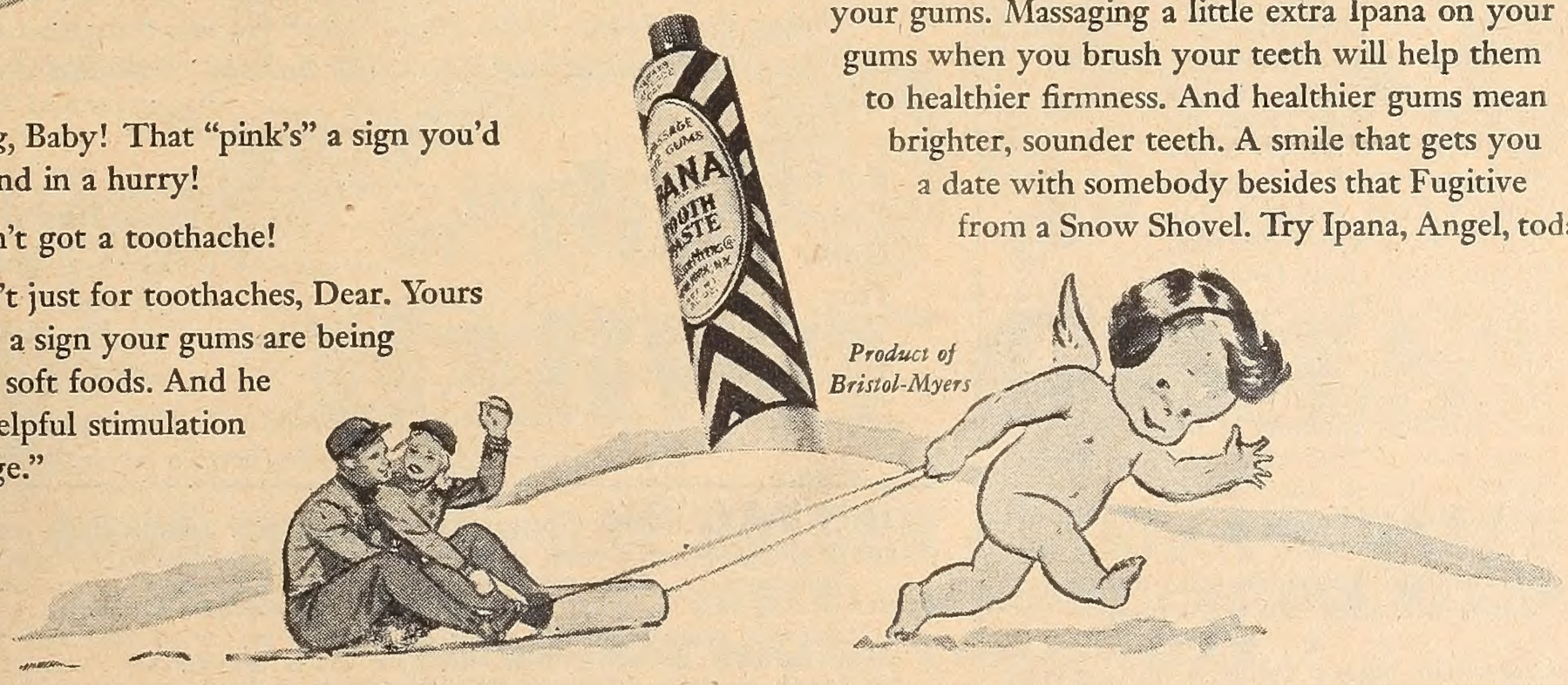
CUPID: "But," *nothing*, Baby! That "pink's" a sign you'd better *see your dentist!* And in a hurry!

GIRL: *Dentist?* I haven't got a toothache!

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that "pink's" a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But what about my *smile?*

CUPID: Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it's designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're embarrassed! Caught, as it were, with our paws down!



★ ★ ★ ★

Just when our Dictionary of Superlatives has disappeared, along come not *one*—but *two* magnificent M-G-M musicals . . . "The Harvey Girls" (ahhhh!), and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhhh!).

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Harvey Girls" is the romantic, wide, wild West—set to wonderful music—in Technicolor! And it stars our own honey-voiced, vivacious Judy Garland! It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Besides lassoing our heart with her grand portrayal of one of the adventurous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the nation's top tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"!

★ ★ ★ ★

Supporting our scintillating Judy G. (for Glamorous; for Gorgeous, for Garland) is a swell cast of favorites, headed by John (handsome he-man) Hodiak, Ray Bolger, and Angela Lansbury. You'll love 'em all!

★ ★ ★ ★

Ten more top tunes, besides "Atchison", from the popular pens of Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, earn "The Harvey Girls" a double-E award—for Excellent Entertainment! That goes, too, for the direction of George Sidney ("Anchors Aweigh") and the production of Arthur Freed ("Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Ziegfeld Follies"—see below!)



★ ★ ★ ★

Hold on to your heart...or you'll lose it to—"The Harvey Girls." As *we* did!

★ ★ ★ ★

And speaking of Girls leads us, naturally enough, to **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**, a huge, star-studded Technicolor spectacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could have directed, only Arthur Freed produced. And only M-G-M could have brought it to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Its roster of Stars reads like the Who's Who of Show Business from A to Ziegfeld: There's Fred Astaire, Lucille Ball, Lucille Bremer, Fanny Brice, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, Gene Kelly, James Melton, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams and William Powell! If it's true that "Names make News"—here's *the* Movie News of the Month!



★ ★ ★ ★

Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of "Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

One of the biggest follies would be your failure to attend.

—*Leo*

Let's Finish The Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre

SCREENLAND

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Man of the Month: Dana Andrews, with Alice Faye in 20th Century-Fox film, "Fallen Angel"
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Enter Yvonne!: Yvonne DeCarlo and Rod Cameron in Universal's "Frontier Gal"
Peter Lawford, next appearing in MGM's "Two Sisters from Boston"
Season's Greetings from Hollywood!: Claudette Colbert, Angela Lansbury and Margaret O'Brien
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Picture Pages—*Around the Lot with Judy Garland ("The Harvey Girls"); It's Moving Day at Gail Russell's; Photo Previews; "Stork Club" Fashions (Betty Hutton); Hay Ride Party; "Miss Hope" (Bob Hope); Bergman on the Beam (Ingrid Bergman); SCREENLAND Salutes "Yolanda and the Thief"*

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Cover Portrait of RITA HAYWORTH, starring in Columbia's "Gilda." Kodachrome by Jack Albin

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OH! THOSE HARVEY GIRLS..

They know the way to a man's heart!

See them woo the West from the wicked can-can dancing girls!



It's lovely, lyrical Judy and a gorgeous bevy of beauty...

It's M-G-M's musical romance of a bold and golden era in....

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M-G-M presents

JUDY GARLAND

Hear Judy Garland singing some of the nation's top hit tunes including the sensational: *"On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe".*



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with

JOHN HODIAK • RAY BOLGER • ANGELA LANSBURY

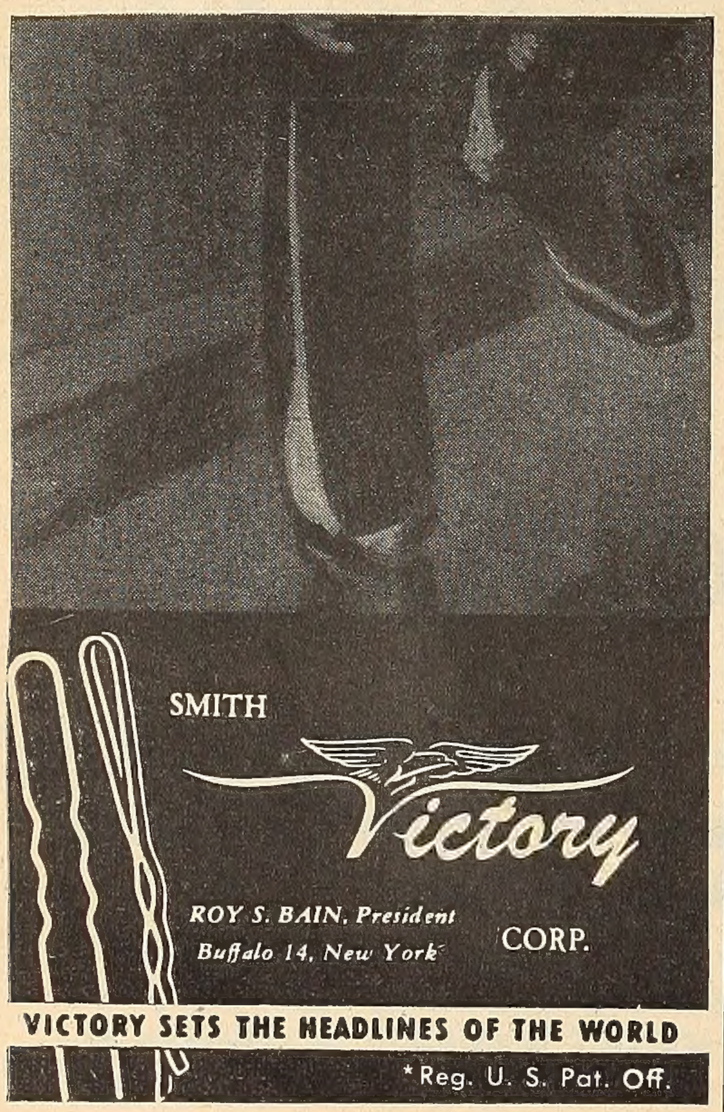
and **PRESTON FOSTER • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN • KENNY BAKER**

MARJORIE MAIN • CHILL WILLS

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane, James O'Hanlon and Samson Raphaelson • Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper • Based on the Book by Samuel Hopkins Adams • Words and Music by JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY WARREN • Directed by George Sidney • Produced by Arthur Freed • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



active women
have set their
coifs with
Victory*
HAIR AND BOBBIE PINS



VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The gleeful guy just out of the Army is Red Skelton, dancing with his wife.

Hot FROM HOLLYWOOD

SEPARATION for the Herbert Marshalls! We never thought we'd live to be printing this story. Knowing of their devotion, Hollywood was shocked. But not nearly as much as Mrs. Marshall, so intimates say. Friends are attempting to effect a reconciliation.

HOLLYWOOD is so positive Sonja Henie is divorcing Dan Topping, the line of howling "wolves" already forms to the right. If you can place any credence in the current gossip, there are those who insist that Sonja has selected Van Johnson for her next husband. Well, Van's of Swedish extraction; Sonja is Norwegian. They have that much in common to start out with. Now if Van will just learn to ice skate, who can tell what may happen?

LONESOME LANA is her name! By the time you're reading this, Turhan Bey will be on his way overseas. Needless to say, this sudden change in the scheme of things really throws that well-known monkey wrench into Lana Turner's plans. On his last leave, before his departure, Turhan arrived in Hollywood sporting a crew haircut. Even Lana, who usually thinks anything on Turhan is becoming, in this case—didn't!

IT'S A THINNER, more mature Jimmy Stewart who has resumed his civilian life in Hollywood. If his experiences acquiring his sensational war record have wrought any great changes, they certainly aren't apparent. His decision not to resign with MGM is based on his desire to have more time to just enjoy life. Jimmy saw enough suffering in Europe to realize fully how important is personal happiness. When he does make a picture, he's going to make sure it's a comedy. Most important of all is to help people forget their troubles, says Jim. From where we sit, that makes darn good sense.



Robert Walker's companion above is Audrey Totter, who plays the siren in his next picture for MGM, "The Sailor Takes a Wife."

THE HARDEST job of his career now lies before Bing Crosby. The garrulous groaner has to take a complete rest until the first of the year. Doctor's orders. Check-up reveals extreme fatigue. It's going to be hard to hold Bing down to absolutely *no* activity. When Bob Hope heard the news, he sent Bing knitting needles!


WHERE EVERY NIGHT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE!
Betty Hutton
in a wonderful story about a blonde hat-check honey who burns up her boy-friend as she burns up her sugar daddy's dough!
Barry Fitzgerald
part of the wonderful cast, as a hilarious millionaire bus-boy he lavishes luxuries on his Incendiary Cinderella!
Don DeFore
as Betty's boy-friend he can't give her anything but love...love ...love!
B. G. DeSylva
presents
BETTY HUTTON
in
"THE STORK CLUB"
with
BARRY FITZGERALD
DON DEFORE
ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG
Directed by HAL WALKER
IT'S A WONDERFUL TIME!
because it all happens in Society's smartest rendezvous...New York's Capitol of Glamour, Gaiety, Love, Laughter and Music!
and Introducing
ANDY RUSSELL
A HIT PARADE OF SONGS!
Some Sweet, Some Hot, All Wonderful
"A Square In The Social Circle"
"Doctor, Lawyer, Indian, Chief"
"If I Had A Dozen Hearts"
"Love Me"
A Paramount Picture



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when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if notdelighted. See if Juelene's tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week helps your hair gain its normal beauty.

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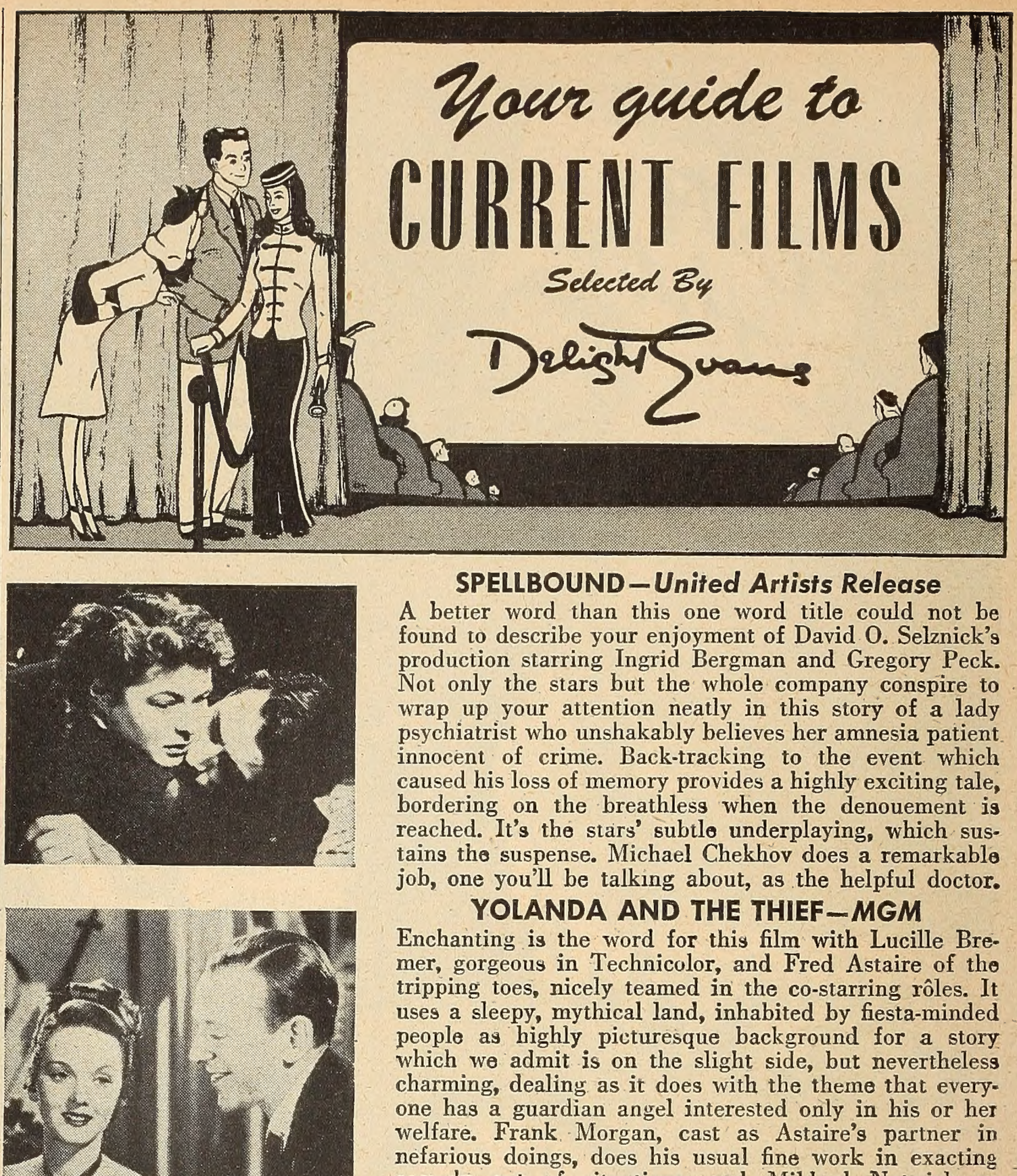
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SPELLBOUND—*United Artists Release*

A better word than this one word title could not be found to describe your enjoyment of David O. Selznick's production starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck. Not only the stars but the whole company conspire to wrap up your attention neatly in this story of a lady psychiatrist who unshakably believes her amnesia patient innocent of crime. Back-tracking to the event which caused his loss of memory provides a highly exciting tale, bordering on the breathless when the denouement is reached. It's the stars' subtle underplaying, which sustains the suspense. Michael Chekhov does a remarkable job, one you'll be talking about, as the helpful doctor.

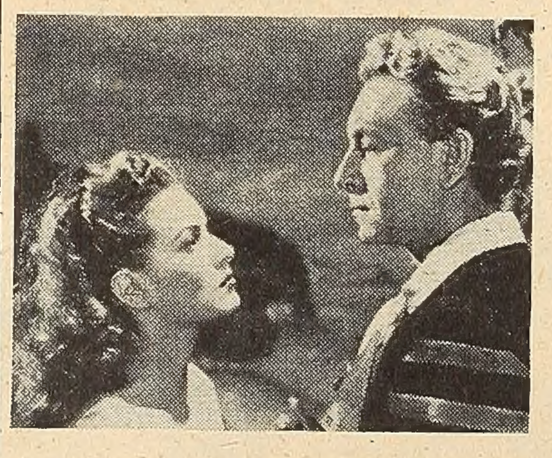
YOLANDA AND THE THIEF—*MGM*

Enchanting is the word for this film with Lucille Bremer, gorgeous in Technicolor, and Fred Astaire of the tripping toes, nicely teamed in the co-starring rôles. It uses a sleepy, mythical land, inhabited by fiesta-minded people as highly picturesque background for a story which we admit is on the slight side, but nevertheless charming, dealing as it does with the theme that everyone has a guardian angel interested only in his or her welfare. Frank Morgan, cast as Astaire's partner in nefarious doings, does his usual fine work in exacting comedy out of situations, and Mildred Natwick as *Yolanda's* feather-brained aunt is excellent. It's a must.



STORK CLUB—*Paramount*

Designed ostensibly to give you a peek at the inner workings of one of New York's most famous night spots, this film also carries a pleasing Cinderella theme—with Betty Hutton as the lucky recipient of minks and charge accounts from an unknown well-wisher, and Don DeFore as the "prince" in Marine uniform and more than a little suspicious of the whole deal (as who wouldn't be?). There are several hit tunes which Betty renders in her best Hutton manner, and for the swing fans there's Andy Russell, too, who is responsible for an especially good drum number. Barry Fitzgerald and Robert Benchley take excellent care of comedy, and Bill Goodwin shines.



THE SPANISH MAIN—*RKO*

Paul Henreid, cast as a bold pirate, is a new experience, but an exciting one. It's not a rôle you'd expect him to carry off with such dash and fervor, but he does, giving the crooked Governor of Cartagena, played by Walter Slezak, a nice run for his money—or rather his bride-to-be!—Maureen O'Hara, exceptionally lovely in a series of beautiful gowns, all in Technicolor. The fight is on when the captain of a Dutch ship runs aground, landing in the clutches of the tyrannical governor who locks him in the dungeon. Of course he escapes and begins his career of piracy with a vengeance. Binnie Barnes is grand as a lady pirate who becomes his best friend.

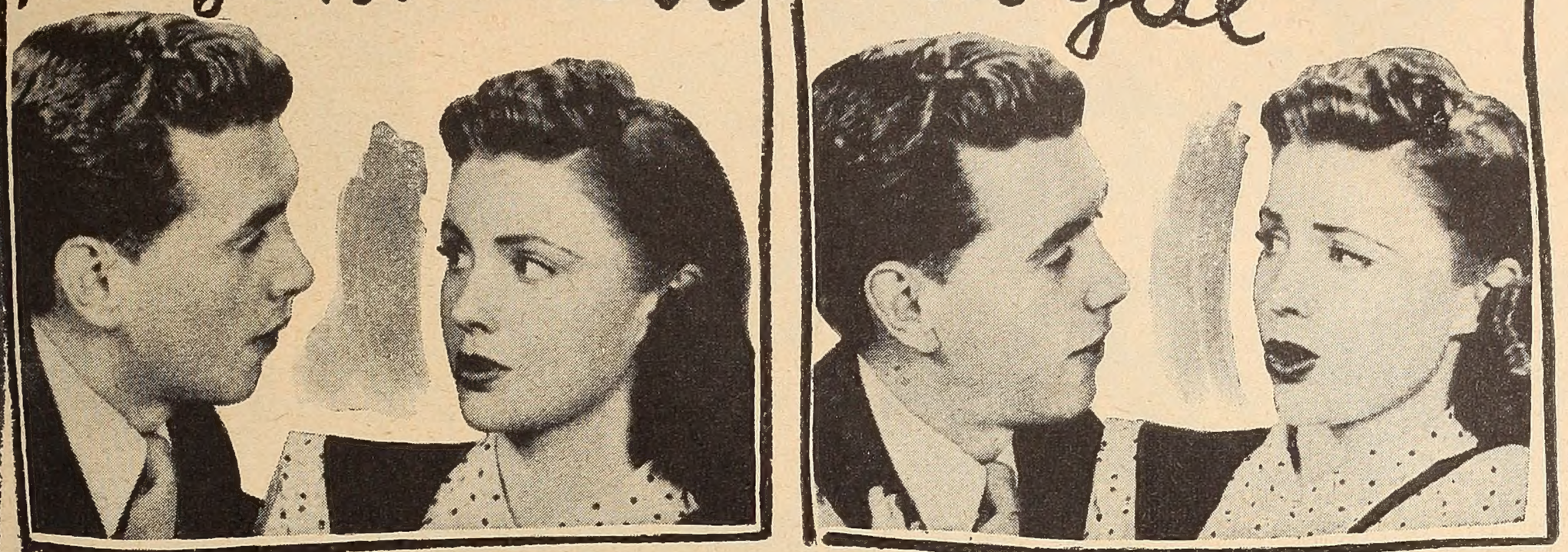


SAN ANTONIO—*Warners*

With Errol Flynn leading the ranchers in a war to overthrow the band of outlaws who had a strangle hold on San Antonio in the 1870's, and Alexis Smith as the beautiful star attraction at the swank saloon owned by the slick operators, you have just the thing to fill that crying need for a super Western — in Technicolor, too. It's a swashbuckling and daring story they enfold with plenty of opportunity for wild coach rides, chases, gunplay and everything that makes a Western good. Victor Francen and Paul Kelly handle the villainous rôles with superb malice — for each other and everyone else. Florence Bates and S. Z. Sakall furnish comedy situations.

WARNERS' ROMANTIC WOWER OF THE HOUR!

He's gonna love that gal



like she's never been loved before!!!



It's those 'Hollywood Canteen' honeys in a honey of a show from Warners!!!

JOAN LESLIE and ROBERT HUTTON

in

Too Young To Know

-TOO WONDERFUL TO MISS!

The picture with the "Paper Moon" song hit

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK deCORDOVA

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SCREEN PLAY BY JO PAGANO • FROM A STORY BY HARLAN WARE

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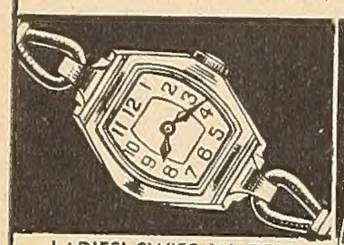
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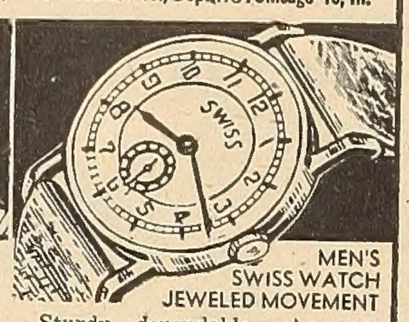
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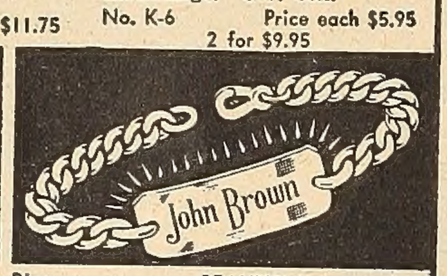
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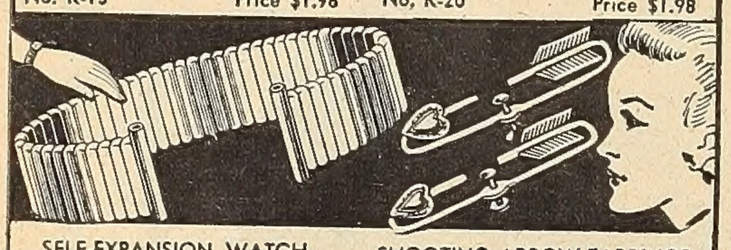
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Any 6 Names Engraved Free

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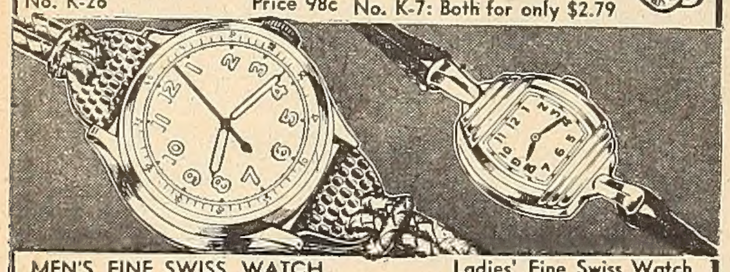
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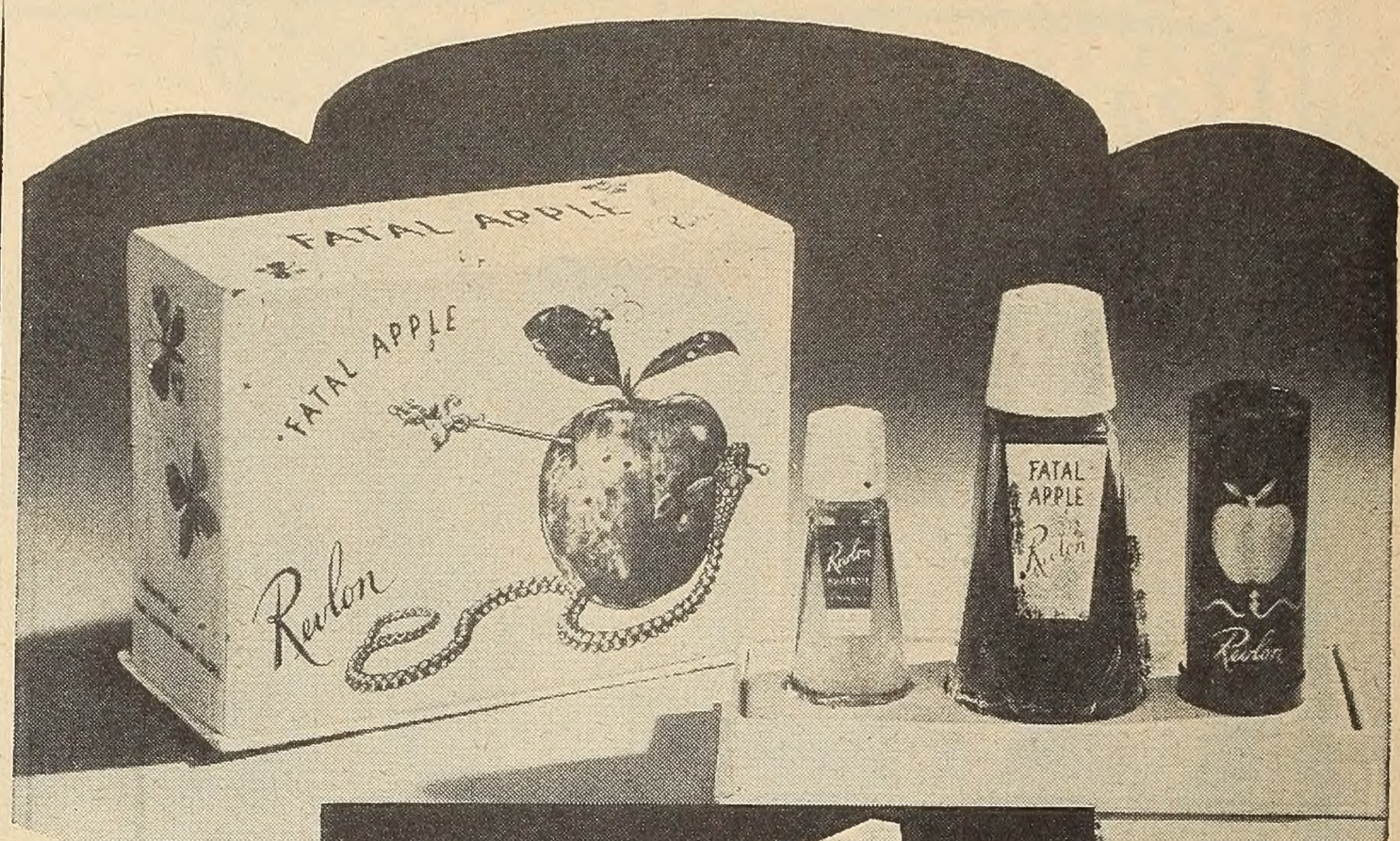
It's elegant. Fine Genuine Precision Guaranteed 7 Jewel movement. Reliable. Accurate.

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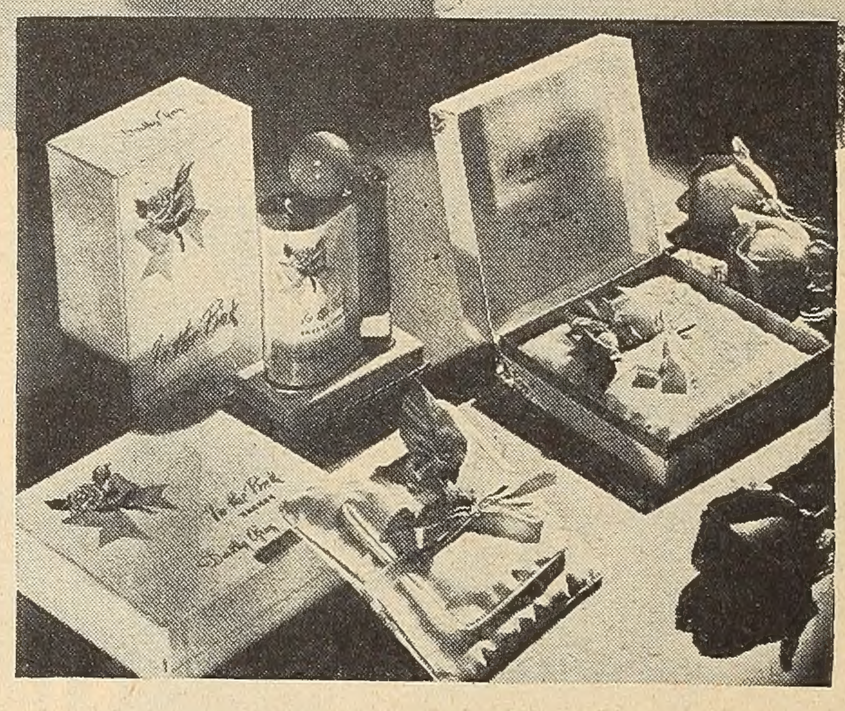
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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Start 1946 with thought for head to toe beauty



Shades of scarlet! Revlon's Fatal Apple inspired by Eve (above).



In the Pink, a new bath line by Dorothy Gray, is fresh and sweet (at left).

YOU'VE been promising yourself a night at home to catch up on your beauty schedule. Make a date with yourself and keep it! The old and new beauty aids we are suggesting cover you literally from head to toe. Some are old preparations in new designs and others are brand new. You will love and need them all.

Out of your clothes and into the tub. Loll back in a garden of roses with the lush new bath oil "In the Pink" scenting the water. Soap, dusting powder, cologne, toilet water and sachet come in this fresh, spirit-lifting fragrance by Dorothy Gray. On another free night, you may want to start on redecorating the bathroom, for the rose motif used on the packages is an inspiration!

Good grooming calls for hair-free legs. Have you tried Nair? It's a new creamy lotion which does the work easily and neatly. Follow the directions and you'll find it's a clean, sweet-smelling method of doing the job of defuzzing well.

A rub down after the bath with Frostilla Lotion gives your skin a new smoothness. Ordinarily used for hands, feet and legs, you'll find this old favorite is a good way to counteract dryness all over the body. It spreads evenly, dries quickly and leaves no trace of stickiness. It's a pleasure to tell you Frostilla is back after temporary disappearance during the war.

If you have time for a shampoo, there is a brand new creme type fortified with lanolin. It's an excellent cleanser and the lanolin does great things to discourage dandruff. An economy buy, for a little goes a long way. So jot down the name — Nutrine Ocean Foam Homogenized Shampoo.

For hair that has gotten out of control because of dryness, there is Yardley's Lavender Oil. It acts as a conditioner and, being delicately scented, imparts a fresh fragrance to the hair. It comes in handy as a pre-permanent treatment, and it's easy to use. Just before retiring apply it on the scalp, massage it in, then put on a bandeau and sleep while it works.

Oh, but you're not ready for bed yet! There's that manicure, and Revlon's Fatal Apple nail polish will give your evening an exciting climax. It's a ripe red shade with no pretenses at being anything else. Like all Revlon polishes, it retains its color from one manicure to the next. When you are up and ready to go in the morning, you'll find Fatal Apple lipstick is just as flattering and wonderful to wear.

For the junior miss, Judy N' Jill offer a brand new lipstick as a companion piece for the "Judy N' Jill" perfume and "Nine to Five" Cologne. The colors are vivid and emphasize a teen age freshness.

Great talent sparks the screen with GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!

"I love to sing!"

Singing Star of "Oklahoma!"

"I love to kiss!"

"I love to dance!"

"I love to laugh!"

"Me... I just love to love!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Tars and Spars

THE COAST GUARD'S ROMANTIC MUSICAL FROLIC!

starring

JANET BLAIR · ALFRED DRAKE

with MARC PLATT · JEFF DONNELL

and introducing SID CAESAR

Screenplay by John Jacoby, Sarett Tobias and Decla Dunning

Produced by MILTON H. BREN · Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

Lt. Comdr. USCGR

HEAR:

"Love Is A Merry-Go-Round"

"I'm Glad I Waited For You"

and other great songs headed for top popularity!

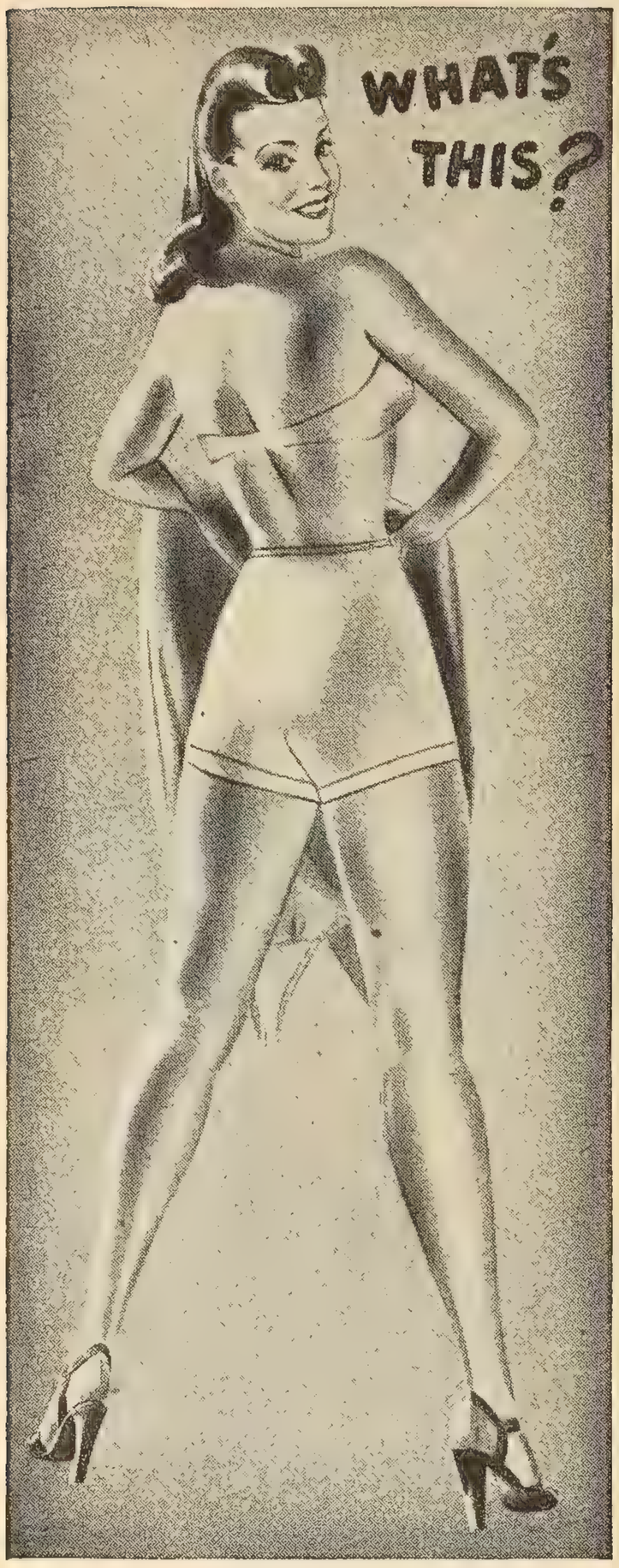
COLUMBIA PICTURES

Blue Swan QUIZ

WHAT'S THIS?



(SEE ANSWER AT BOTTOM)



Blue Swan Undies of course!

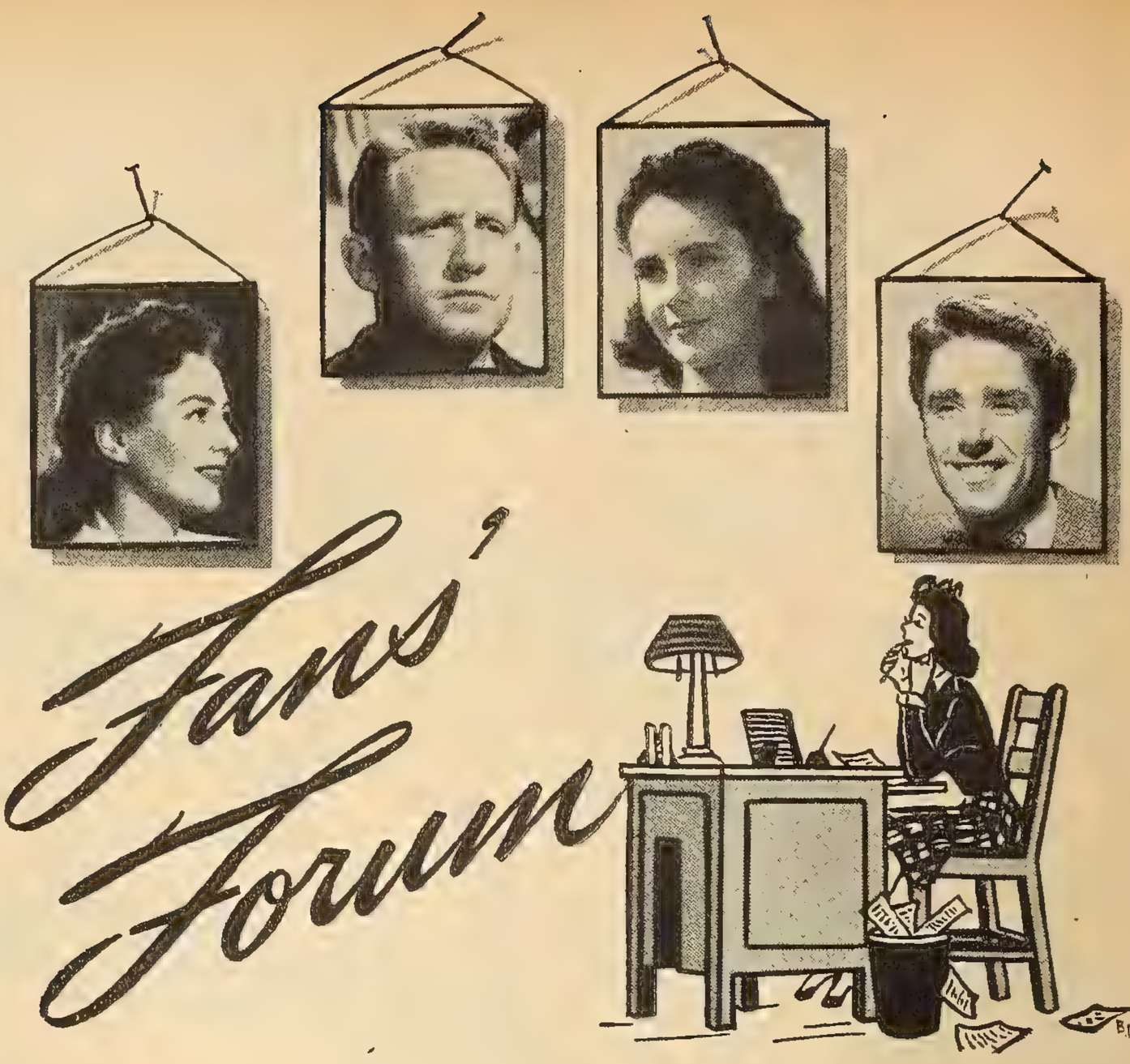
There's no need to guess . . . the famous form-clinging fit is a dead give away . . . and so is the budget price! If your favorite store is "sold-out," be patient . . . our mills are starting to hum again!

Blue Swan Mills

EMPIRE STATE BLDG.

New York, N. Y.

ANSWER: A BEAR CLIMBING A TREE—
HE'S ON THE OTHER SIDE.



Fans' Forum

Give Your Ideas a Chance

They won't help you or anyone else if you keep to yourself those burning ideas for bettering your number one entertainment—the movies! Write down all those helpful hints to stars, screen writers, producers and directors, and send them to Fans' Forum. Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00 and five $1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of each month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, New York.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
$10.00

A new field of service is open to motion pictures today. They can become a school for war-time brides.

Many of these young wives are totally inexperienced at housekeeping and few of their husbands have established careers. Many of these young women married hastily and a brief honeymoon and a stack of V-mail letters is all they know of married life. Now they are establishing homes and planning their future and a series of films based on the home economics theme would introduce their new responsibility of food-buying, meal-planning and cooking and teach them to consider it a valuable accomplishment.

Following Hollywood's magnificent contribution to the winning of the war, what peacetime project could be more purposeful than helping our ex-G.I.'s and their families to "live happily ever after"?

MRS. A. L. FLAHERTY,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER
$5.00

I take my hat off to Joan Crawford! Ever since "Our Dancing Daughters," I have been an ardent fan of hers, never missing one of her pictures. Even when the stories were weak—I always enjoyed them because Joan was the star. Her lovely face and svelte figure were always an inspiration for my tired nerves. Through the years a bevy of sweet young things have come and gone, but this Crawford gal with her ever driving ambition has held her own, growing more and more chic, more and more talented, until today she is the finished product—a charming sophisticated woman of the world who stands out from a vast crowd because of her individuality. There may be many Janet Blairs, Linda Darnells, June Allysons and Betty Grables, but only *one* Joan Crawford.

A. K., New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS
$1.00 Each

It was about ten years ago, and I was celebrating my seventh birthday. As part of the celebration, I was taken to the movies and the picture playing at that time happened to be one starring Spencer Tracy. It has been so long ago that even the title escapes me, but I felt even then that Spencer Tracy was the most superb actor I had ever seen. That was ten years ago. From then until now, I have tried never to miss a Tracy film.

It used to be that movie magazines would give him due praise and publicity. Now it is nearly always the young man with a voice or a cute smile who greets you from every magazine. The younger actors and actresses should be recognized, of course—praised and encouraged. But older and more experienced actors should not be excluded entirely.

DOLORES A. GRIFFIS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The *Great Stars* and *Director* of "Woman in the Window"....



A DIANA PRODUCTION
Produced and Directed by
FRITZ LANG
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE

JESS BARKER • MARGARET LINDSAY • ROSALIND IVAN • SAMUEL S. HINDS

Based on the novel "La Chienne" Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS Art Direction by Alexander Golitzen

Back Talk about HAIR



This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do . . . so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.



That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness . . . they really do have the

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

You'll never be satisfied with wishy-washy bob pins, once you've used DeLong's dependable products.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

After seeing the thoroughly entertaining movie, "National Velvet," and reading the article in SCREENLAND about its star, Elizabeth Taylor, I am convinced that she is one of the most wholesome and talented young stars in Hollywood today. Not only is she endowed with natural beauty, but her charm seems to lie in the fact that she's so sincere and unaffected. Her love for animals and pets of all kinds is a tribute to her kindness and warm-hearted nature.

While admiring her character, I haven't overlooked her acting ability as indeed I think she is headed for a great career. I hope when she begins to grow up, Hollywood won't make the mistake of trying to "glamorize" such a lovely girl, but will keep her as real as she is today.

EDNA WOOD, Corsicana, Texas

When comparing the stage to the screen we almost always find the screen a better medium. The screen can give photographic closeups, it can have many changes of scene, it can produce action films more realistically and countless other things. But in reviewing comedy, I think the stage has one very definite and important advantage. The audience can laugh as long as they care to at a joke without fear of missing the dialogue. Contrary to this, the screen allows no time at all for the audience's reactions, therefore much of the script is lost.

In getting to my point, I suggest that in making comedies a few seconds be allowed before resuming the script after important jokes. It really is a shame how much good dialogue is missed under the roars of laughter from the audience.

ISABEL TROCCOLI, Bronx, New York

Honestly, if you were not such big boys and girls, you should have your legs spanked. Or could it be you did not see a picture called "Thrill of a Romance?" There was Van Johnson, and Esther Williams, but there was someone else too; someone who almost stole the whole production. Know who? Of course you do, a great big beautiful hunk of voice named Lauritz Melchior.

Even the swoon goons, and slick chicks came from the movie house bubbling over for Melchior. The younger generation really appreciated the guy, and that from the jive Joe and jive Jane is really out of this world. The young parents were wholly in accord, so you see there is nothing else to do but send a message pronto to a representative in Hollywood and say, "Hot-foot it over to Lauritz Melchior and get an interview."

FERN WRIGHT SCHMIDT,
Colorado City, Texas

You never see a photograph of my favorite actress perched coyly atop a make-believe pumpkin around Hallowe'en time, nor in the act of lighting a huge, dummy firecracker around Fourth of July. In fact, she does not seem to go in for "cheese cake" portraits—thank heaven!

Her name? Ruth Warrick. Hers is more than just a surface beauty. There is womanly dignity in her carriage, steadfast honesty in her clear eyes, character in the lines of her mobile mouth. Usually, she portrays the (*Please turn to page* 88)

Your Guide to Current Films



SUNBONNET SUE—*Monogram*

The Bowery in its heyday presents an interesting background for this film combining political squabbles between the Irish and Italian inhabitants with music and romance—supplied by Gale Storm, a singer in her father's saloon, and Phil Regan, candidate for alderman, who also sings several of those nostalgic tunes we all still like to hear. A happy lot they were, too, even with their differences in political views, until the swanky uptowner relative makes her appearance and drags her unwilling niece off to a life of luxury. The Bowery wins out in the end, however, and they all live happily ever after. Outstanding in the cast are George Cleveland, Edna Holland, Alan Mowbray.



THE ENCHANTED FOREST—*PRC*

The pastoral scene of a great forest, slowly being depleted by lumbermen, is the charm of this film with its outstanding actors, a hermit, played by Henry Davenport, a crow, a mountain lion, a dog, a goat, an owl and other lesser inhabitants of the animal world. But for those who want more story about people and their habits, there is Edmund Lowe, Brenda Joyce and John Litel, enacting the melodramatic tale of a lost infant son (Billy Severn), who is found by the hermit and taught the ways of the forest. His distracted mother finally finds him, and in appreciation for the hermit's kind care, gives him back the forest for his lifetime home, free from the axe of the lumbermen.



THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—*RKO*

Frank Sinatra, furthering the cause in which he has recently shown a great and magnanimous interest, stars in this short subject on tolerance, and if he doesn't show our roughest and toughest juvenile intolerant the error of his ways, no one else can. Frank's services, Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Frank Ross' production abilities were all given gratis in order to bring this vital message home to the people to whom it will do the most good. Paramount and Warner Brothers also will lend their releasing outlets. Yes, it's a picture everyone should see. You won't be disappointed! Frankie sings!

Rainbow Productions, Inc. *presents*

BING CROSBY ★ INGRID BERGMAN

in LEO McCAREY'S

The Bells of St. Mary's

with

HENRY TRAVERS • WILLIAM GARGAN

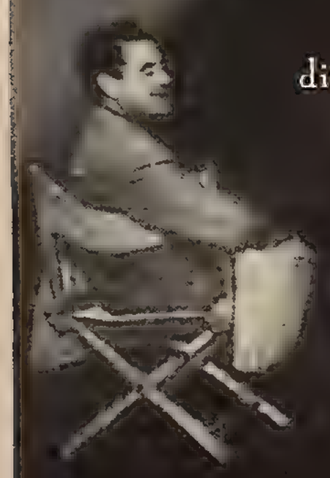
Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey

Screen Play by Dudley Nichols • Story by Leo McCarey



BING
at his Best!
BERGMAN
as you desire her!

Together
in the Happiest
Heartiest Hit
of the years!



directed in all its human
warmth by Leo McCarey
who gave you *"Going My Way"*

—AND WHEN BING AND BERGMAN SING...
THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN TUNE!

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures

RKO RADIO

Elegance IS THE WORD FOR MAKEUP







Jeanne Crain, next starring in 20th Century-Fox's "Leave Her to Heaven," brushes brows to be sure they are even and sleek.

Jeanne removes excess powder from the face with a very soft camel's hair brush to leave the skin natural and soft.

Brushing on your lipstick is a fine art, and it takes time and practice. The result is worth the effort. See how Jeanne does it.

Jeanne Crain gives you some ideas for the 1946 new look

By Josephine Felts

Makeup today is as different as your 1945 clothes are from the ones you are getting to usher in 1946. Fashions are taking on a new elegance and your makeup has to do the same. How are you going to do it? Certainly not by putting on more and more makeup in any old hurried way, but by spending more time and by putting into practice the hints that famous Hollywood makeup men use.

These men really have the "know-how." They have spent years in studying the effect makeup has on the face, how long it lasts, etc. They take time to "put on a face." A good makeup for you takes time, too, but you have more of it these days and more aids to beauty to work with than you had in war days. Brushes are coming back, and tissues, too.

Start the year 1946 with the resolution: My makeup is going to last from early morning until the wee small hours. Of course to make this so, you'll have to pay extra special attention to how you put it on to expect great things from it.

First and foremost, your face and throat must be absolutely clean. You've creamed it to remove grime and dust; you've put on a softening cream during your bath and now every trace of grease must be removed with your skin lotion.

By this time you've decided on the right foundation cream for you in a shade to give your skin an extra glow. Foundation cream of any type must be worked thoroughly into the skin. If you are a cake makeup fan, don't forget the face doesn't stop at the jaw line, so go on down your throat and chest to your dress line. For either foundation cream or cake type, be sure to remember the forehead, under the eyes, around the nose and mouth. After it's on, let it "set" for a while. Do something else for a few minutes.

Rouge comes next. Actually the right space for rouge is very small indeed. Immediately under the eyes and kept high is the best rule for all types of faces. No lines of demarcation must show and in order to make everybody think it's your own natural blush, you'll have to be very skilful in applying it.

You've been able to get a good lipstick brush—the new ones are wider and easier to handle. Look how carefully Jeanne Crain applies hers—with a brush and before powdering. Powder should be pressed into the face in liberal quantity. Powder which is "blown on," patted on gently, or in any other way simply won't last an evening. Excess powder is brushed off with a soft brush if you have one. A piece of cotton will do.

Eye interest is something else again, and it's your personal choice whether or not you use eye shadow, but a small amount, skilfully used is very flattering. Your eyebrows should be brushed with the same type of brush Jeanne is using to remove powder and the pencil or mascara applied only after they are absolutely clean. Your eyelashes should be tipped gently to avoid a beady, artificial look. Mascara can be applied so skilfully that no one ever guesses you have it on—they just believe you were born with that long, silky fringe.

The extra touching up with lipstick can be done just before the door bell rings. Blot your lips with tissues and reapply the lipstick. Be sure the stick in your handbag is the same color you used at home—lipsticks are jealous of each other and their varied hues and colors simply don't mix. The powder in your compact should be the same color that you've already used.

Try some of these hints from Hollywood. You'll do that pretty new dress real justice, have a good time all day and all night, and when you finally do get home, you'll be as pretty as when you started.

Your Cold...

the plain truth about it

Can you avoid catching cold? And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity? Oftentimes—YES.

It is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



Germs reduced as much as 96.7%, in tests.

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

HERS
WAS THE
DEADLIEST
OF THE
SEVEN
DEADLY
SINS!





BEN AMES WILLIAMS'

Leave Her To Heaven

in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

GENE TIERNEY · CORNEL WILDE · JEANNE CRAIN

WITH

VINCENT PRICE · MARY PHILIPS · RAY COLLINS · GENE LOCKHART · REED HADLEY · DARRYL HICKMAN · CHILL WILLS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER · Screen Play by Jo Swerling · Based on the Novel by Ben Ames Williams

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



An Open Letter to Marilyn Maxwell



The Editor's Page



Marilyn has been seen in only two recent pictures, yet she is No. 9 on the list of 10 "Top Stars of Tomorrow" picked by nation's exhibitors. Scene still above, "Lost in a Harem," which starred Abbott and Costello.

DEAR MARILYN:

Congratulations on being picked by the motion picture exhibitors of the country as one of the "Top Ten Stars of Tomorrow" – with only two recent pictures to your credit, at that. Just "Lost in a Harem" and "Between Two Women," and you're Top Ten stuff. You're in good fast company, too. And to verify that fact, here's the proof –the list of the "Top Ten" according to Motion Picture Herald, the trade publication:

1. Dane Clark
2. Jeanne Crain
3. Keenan Wynn
4. Peggy Ann Garner
5. Cornel Wilde
6. Tom Drake
7. Lon McCallister
8. Diana Lynn
9. You
10. William Eythe

Now all these other players have been appearing regularly on the screen with the exception of Lon, who was established by "Stage Door Canteen" and "Home in Indiana" before joining the Army. You, on the other hand, since you first appeared on the screen in "Stand by for Action," and then made an impression with Van Johnson in "Three Men in White," with Abbott and Costello in "Lost in a Harem," with Van again in "Between Two Women"–had far less chance to shine than the other nine. Of course it's no surprise to me that those knowing gentlemen of the box office picked you, because I saw what you can do to an audience when you were making personal appearances at the Capitol Theater in New York–saw the fans waiting at the stage door, heard the whistles, the wolf calls, and the applause. It's about time Hollywood took another good look at its blonde atomic bomb. But now Hollywood will have to wait a while because you're signed up for a Broadway show, on leave from MGM. Maybe while you're gone they'll dream up some big new plans that will send you right up to the top of the list of the next "Top Ten." Here's hoping.



Here is Marilyn with Van Johnson in "Between Two Women," the second of the two pictures which won her a place among tomorrow's "Top Ten" as selected by the votes of the canny motion picture exhibitors of America.

Delight Evans

MAN OF THE MONTH

And his new heroine. Dana Andrews is co-starred with Alice Faye in "Fallen Angel," new mystery thriller.



Kodachromes by Frank Powolny, 20th Century-Fox

JIMMY STEWART'S FUTURE PLANS

He's not worrying about the future. After all, a man who has led a flight of Liberators into a mess of ack-ack isn't going to go pale at a mess of movie cameras

By Miriam Ottenberg

A PRETTY WAC stood hesitating in the door of the officers' separation center at Andrews Field, Md. She clutched a camera and kept her wistful gaze fixed on a tall, lanky Colonel with a chest full of decorations under his Air Forces wings.

He was signing papers but he glanced up and saw her. Before she could disappear through the door, he had walked over and tapped her on the shoulder. "Did you want to take a picture?" he asked her.

She blushed and nodded.

"All right, come outside."

They walked out of the one-story frame building together. There were other photographers there—men from the newspapers and press services who raised their cameras hopefully when they saw the very tall, very slim officer come out the door. But the Colonel turned away from them and smiled at the WAC with her little box camera.

"Is this what you want?"

She sighted, snapped her picture, saluted and hurried away while the Colonel went back to the business of getting out of the Army Air Forces.

The Colonel, of course, was Jimmy Stewart, playing the last scene of the greatest rôle in his career. He was going back to civilian life with four and a half years of service and 126 points to his credit. He earned those points just as he earned every promotion — the hard way.

A lot of those points were chalked up in action and that had left its mark on the movie actor turned combat flier. He still doesn't look his 37 years but he has lost the boyishness of his pre-war days. Those lazy gestures, the almost shambling gait that once earned him the title of "barefoot boy of Hollywood" have disappeared. His movements are quicker, he stands straighter, and there's nothing lazy about him. (*Please turn to page* 62)





Photo right by John Mueller, Washington, D. C.

Official U. S. Army Air Forces photos at left show Col. James Stewart receiving discharge at Andrews Field, Md. You'll soon be seeing him on the screen, probably in Liberty Films' "The Flying Yorkshireman," which Frank Capra has adapted from the popular Eric Knight novel. Welcome back to a grand guy.

Says Goddard: "I give very few interviews, because it bores me to talk about myself." But here, Paulette sets down for the first time her fervent, heart-felt beliefs

WHEN I was asked, while I was having my hair dressed for a scene in "The Diary of a Chambermaid," to write for SCREENLAND on "This Is What I Believe," my interest was captured. I have rarely set down on paper anything about myself; as you have probably noticed. I give very few interviews, because it bores me to talk about myself. As for giving advice to others, that I won't do at all, because I believe that nothing is more dangerous than to try to follow someone else's advice. The advice that works perfectly for me might stymie Jane Smith completely. So I never lay down neat little rules for someone else's conduct, believing that such rules must be laid down by one's own heart and head for oneself. And never mind what Mary Smith or Paulette Goddard says! They can speak only for themselves.

But when it comes to talking about one's beliefs—well, that's different. What I believe, I believe in fervently. So here for the first time I'll set them down. And if you disagree I'll be interested in hearing from you, because I know that each of you, too, has his own convictions, as dear to you as mine are to me.

Life. I believe you should fill every moment. I have a great horror of wasting time. Our span is short.

I believe in God in man, or in the good in man—call it what you want. I believe that most people are good. Every free political election in the last quarter of a century has shown it. People are voting for the betterment of humanity and the benefit of the majority.

Yes, I believe people are good, although the fascists were and are evil. I do not think of them as people—they are part of a military political machine. And they were misled and misled the world by dangerous propaganda.

In saying that people are fundamentally good, I know that I speak from Shangri La—(we in America are living in Paradise)—it is (*Please turn to page 70*)



"The Diary of a Chambermaid" presents Paulette as co-producer as well as star. Appearing with her in this United Artists release are her husband, Burgess Meredith (shown in his old man rôle at right above, with his wife on the set at left above), Francis Lederer, in scene below, and Hurd Hatfield, pictured in closeup with Paulette at left.

THIS IS WHAT I Believe

BY PAULETTE GODDARD



John Wayne



Kodachrome by
Roman Freulich,
Republic Pictures





John Wayne's latest film for Republic is "Dakota," in which he co-stars with Vera Hruba Ralston, seen at left with Wayne and again in group at far left including Republic's big boss, genial Herbert Yates. Below, just a few of the fans battling for John's autograph during his recent visit in New York.



By Gladys Hall

THE SCRUB TEAM (otherwise known as the Stinkers or the Doodlebugs) of the San Fernando Valley School, was out on the field, warming up. The pitcher: young Michael Wayne, aged ten. In the bleachers, his gray eyes glued to the small, sturdy figure of his son, sat Wayne, père. He wore a sweatshirt and slacks. No hat. No dark glasses. He doesn't need them, so doesn't wear them.

One of the kids in the bleachers, spotting the tall guy with the coppery tan and ruffled hair, blinked, stared. Eyes widening, stared some more. Then, hitching closer, "Hey, Mister," he piped, "are you John Wayne?"

Wayne turned, grinned at the pop-eyed youngster, and said, "Yeah."

"John Wayne, the *movie actor?*"

"Uh-huh."

Orienting himself with manifest difficulty to this (*Please turn to page* 65)

The Anti-Phony

Meaning
JOHN WAYNE



GAL PRODUCER

Daughter of famed movie columnist Louella Parsons, Harriet, at left, has made her own way up the ladder of fame until now she is Hollywood's youngest woman producer. Here, she confers with three of RKO's most promising new players: Bill Williams, Barbara Hale, and Jane Greer.

Exclusive photos by Jack Albin



THERE'S an impressive conference room at RKO Studios where department heads and executives meet to discuss budgets on pictures scheduled for production. About twenty men gather for the session and as they take their places at the table a small brown-haired, blue-eyed young lady in a smart Adrian suit braves this masculine stronghold, acting as though she belongs there. She does. She's Harriet Parsons, gal producer, who held the reins on one of RKO's most artistic and financially successful pictures, "The Enchanted Cottage."

Although some men still resent the intrusion of women in high business positions, Harriet's associates don't seem to mind her company at all. Her executive producer, Jack Gross, usually greets her with "Hi, Toots" and puts a thick phone directory on her chair so her chin will be above the level of the table.

Since women producers are still scarce, they are apt to be looked upon as grown-up Quiz Kids or side show freaks. A male visitor on the set of "The Enchanted Cottage" approached Harriet with "And what do you do, little girl?" When she told him, rather diffidently, he gave her a frightened look and sidled hastily away, casting apprehensive glances at her over his shoulder.

Harriet rated as much attention as a visiting star when she went to New York for the première of "The Enchanted Cottage." The most frequent question thrown at her was "What does a producer *do?*" The job is very simple. He, or she, just gets together a story, writer, director, cast; okays costumes, sets, special effects, editing, and music, taking care to keep within the



Left, Miss Parsons and Henry Myers, screen writer, discuss the script of "A Very Remarkable Fellow." Far left, Harriet looks into the "moviola" in the cutting room with Joseph Noriega, who cut the Parsons production of "The Enchanted Cottage."

"And what do you do, little girl?" asked a visitor on the set of "The Enchanted Cottage." Harriet Parsons told him she was only the producer. Here's her fascinating story

By Lynn Bowers

Harriet in the living room of her charming home in Brentwood with her French poodle, "Chico," named after the hero of "Seventh Heaven" who called himself "a very remarkable fellow." That's the title of Harriet's next picture, now in rehearsal, which will star none other than Cary Grant.

budget. Nothing to it at all! Something anyone could pick up in a couple of hours, standing outside the studio gate.

Budgets hold only minor terrors for Harriet. She must have been a bookkeeper in another life because she loves figures and can juggle them with ease. She can tell you her bowling average for a couple of years back, who won and lost and how much in last Saturday night's poker game, how much mileage her car gets now compared with this time last year.

Harriet was exposed to motion pictures when quite young. Her mother, Louella Parsons, of whom you may have heard, was story editor for the Essanay Studios in Chicago before turning newspaper woman. Often motherly pride impelled her to take her child to work with her, over the protests of Harriet's devoted and conventional grandmother. These excursions and subsequent visits to the newspaper offices where her mother worked account for Parsons, Jr., saying she was "practically raised in a wastebasket."

Someone at Essanay saw Harriet in among the wastepaper and discarded scenarios, so she became "Baby" Parsons and appeared in two motion pictures. In one of them, an epic entitled "The Magic Wand," authored, coincidentally, by one Louella O. Parsons, she portrayed a ragged urchin who stole a prop wishing wand from a theater, believing it would work its magic on her ailing mother (Helen Dunbar). Instead of tapping Miss Dunbar lightly on the forehead as indicated in the script the young star got carried away with enthusiasm and rendered a knockout blow.

What with (*Please turn to page* 73)





Harriet's house has a small bar in red and bamboo. Far right, the gal producer in her bedroom. Note the wall paper design carried out on the pillow cases. Right above, her collection of silver spoons dating back to Revolutionary times.

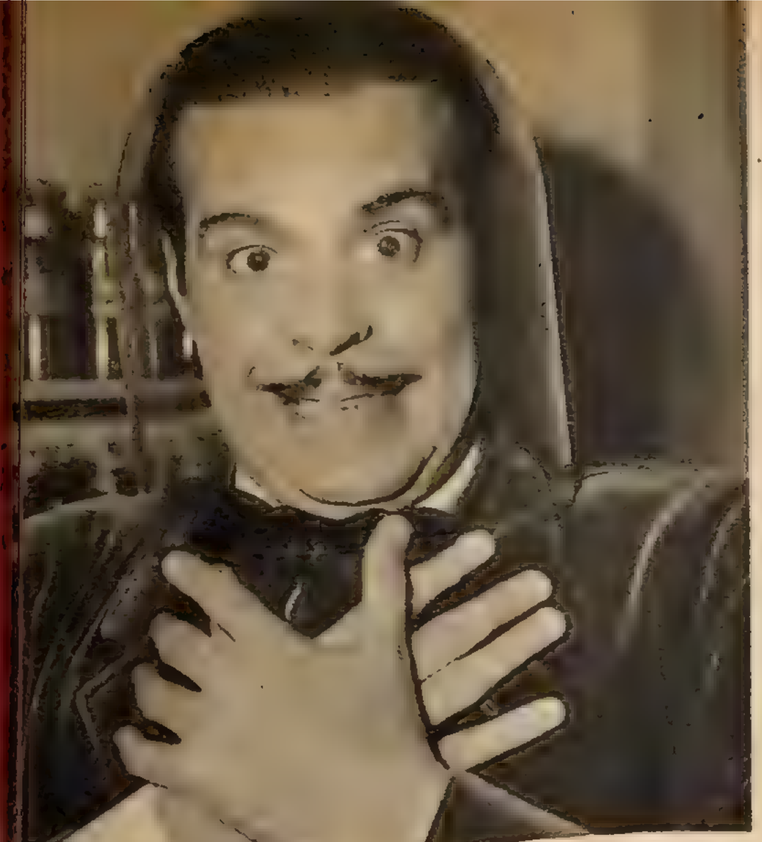
Enter Yvonne!

Strong contender for siren awards is Yvonne DeCarlo, first acclaimed in "Salome, Where She Danced," now starred in "Frontier Gal"



Rod Cameron makes love to Yvonne DeCarlo in Universal's "Frontier Gal," a lusty, lavish Western all in Technicolor.

Color photos by Ed Estabrook



Well, we warned you DeWolfe is strictly for laughs. Here, he's clowning as usual between scenes at Paramount Studios.





Two charming gals find Billy amusing: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell, his co-stars in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up."

STRICTLY FOR COMEDY

Ex-usher, ex-acrobat, ex-hoofer, ex-sailor, ex-night club entertainer—and always for laughs! No wonder Billy DeWolfe landed in movies

By Jessica Ryan

WORKING at Paramount these days, playing Sonny Tufts' fellow medical student in "Miss Susie Slagle," is a guy named Billy DeWolfe. Ex-Welshman, ex-usher, ex-acrobat, ex-hoofer, ex-sailor, and ex-night club entertainer adored of café society, but through each incarnation, comedian, always! But —such a comedian you never saw before!

Do you know about comedians, my friends? Given the most trifling conversation, they'll still wring a gag from the neck of every sentence. But not Billy DeWolfe! Put 'em in a theater to watch another comic's antics, they'll die a little, each laugh the other guy gets. But not Billy DeWolfe. Modest, non-life-of-the-party, is this DeWolfe, and the best audience in the world for another funny guy. And that, my friends, among *geni comediani,* makes this man DeWolfe news for Ripley.

Paramount didn't really appreciate the "believe it or not" phenomenon it had in its midst until just the other day, when high moguls of the studio sent out a blanket order: "All contract players report for dancing lessons." This was in case sometime a dance should be essential to a picture. So, they figured, if the actor involved had a basic knowledge of dancing, he wouldn't hold up production by having to learn it then. DeWolfe received this front office communiqué, hauled out his well-worn (*Please turn to page 67*)



Billy teaches Diana Lynn a new dance step on the set, complete with typically DeWolfe-ish gestures.





When Lina looks at you with those beautiful brown eyes, you just give up and write a rave—at least, that was her effect on our Mr. Downing. Right here Miss Romay is pictured with her favorite magazine, Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn; with Clark Gable; favorite person of all, her Columbus, Xavier Cugat.

LINA, THE STARS ARE BRIGHTER NOW!

Frankly, our reporter took one look at Lina Romay and has been drooling with admiration ever since. Maybe his story will give you some idea why

By Hyatt Downing

THE Brown Derby in Beverly Hills is a curious place. There is a little bar in the back where, if you hang around much, you will meet people from all over, Kankakee, Oshkosh, Sioux City, everywhere. I met one from Sioux City. Somehow I knew he was from that part of Iowa. He had reddish hair on the back of his hands, mild blue eyes and a friendly expression. He was drinking beer and was moving his glass around in the little puddle it made on the walnut. He wanted to talk and among other things he told me that he had been in the wallpaper business—before he got into the "Profession."

He kept emphasizing that word so I said, "Oh?"

"The moving picture industry, you see." He paused then and I saw that he was looking past me at a beautiful girl who was coming into the bar, accompanied by a tall, youngish man who was glancing at me and smiling pleasantly. Turning to the man of "Profession," I said, "Well, I've got to go. There's my luncheon date."

"You mean you're going to have lunch with—with——"

"Sure," I said. "That's Lina Romay."

Lina came up then and climbed on a stool beside me. I said, "Will you have a beer?"

She shook her head. "I don't drink. I just don't like it."

The publicity man from MGM said suggestively, "Well, I guess our table's waiting."

You don't keep people from the publicity department waiting, so I jumped down off my (*Please turn to page 85*)



At twenty-one, Peter Lawford is well along the high road to stardom. After establishing himself in "Son of Lassie" and "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Peter has his best rôle to date in MGM's "Two Sisters from Boston," with two lovely leading ladies: Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson.

Kodachrome by Clarence Bull

Forever Audrey

She came from radio, where she was known as "The Girl with a Thousand Voices." She can imitate women of any age or walk of life. Meet the amazing Miss Totter

By Constance Palmer





Right now Audrey, tricked out in a sleek black wig, may be seen as the siren in the new Bob Walker-June Allyson picture, "The Sailor Takes a Wife." Othertimes you'll meet Miss Totter in her own stunning ensemble topped with beautiful blonde hair. You'll like her both ways.



DID YOU ever see a chameleon? One of those fascinating little creatures that change color to match their surroundings?

Well, that's Audrey Totter. With the chameleon it's self-protection, but with Audrey it's talent. Put a sleek black wig and a slinky, sophisticated long gown on her and even her best friends on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot won't know her. To be sure, they'll give her the double and even the triple-take, all the while wondering who the good-looking Russian import could be. They'll think vaguely they've seen her somewhere before, and beat their brains out trying to remember where.

Audrey doesn't do it with mirrors. She does it with brains. Something happens inside. It's not only the black wig and molded gown that changes her from a small, very blonde, little Swedish girl into a svelte, lithe, statuesque siren with all the allure of a completely different woman. It's more fundamental than that. It's because Audrey is truly that rare person so seldom found: a natural-born actress.

She came from radio, where she's known as "The Girl with a Thousand Voices." She can do any kind of dialect and imitate women of any age or walk of life. She started this when she was a tiny girl, back in Joliet, Illinois. People thought, "What a nice, attentive little thing!" as Audrey's enormous blue orbs gazed at them from her earnest, heart-shaped, small face. It wasn't until the attentive little thing did an exact imitation of her subject, embarrassing in perfection of tone, gesture, and trick of speaking, that her elders realized there was more here than met the eye.

Naturally, Audrey was destined for a theatrical career. Her whole family disapproved violently. The stage and its people were in league with the devil. Her father is a linguist, master of five languages; her mother sings beautifully, but non-professionally; an uncle is pastor of a large church in Chicago. When Audrey's mother, against her better judgment, yielded (*Please turn to page* 64)







She's A NATURAL!

Everything she has is her own—her hair has never been touched up; her long lashes are real; she has a couple of slightly crooked teeth. And she doesn't have to be pounded into shape. She's in shape. She's Jeanne Crain

By Liza

WHEN Fred Allen, who has made a mint of money out of being caustic, commented last Spring on his return to New York that the so-called beautiful actresses of Hollywood were chambermaids with caps on their teeth, built-in bosoms, false hair and false eyelashes, he certainly was not referring to Jeanne Crain. Jeanne is a real beauty. Millions of people who have seen her in "Home in Indiana" and the recently released "State Fair" most heartily testify to this. We women look at all that fresh loveliness and almost die with envy. Men just sit there and drool.

Mr. Allen's comments to the contrary, everything Jeanne has is her own. Her hair, a light brown with auburn highlights, has never been "touched up" in any way. She never has, and it's a cinch she never will, go in for that Hollywood shade called "movie star pink." Producers, some of whom have problem teeth themselves, are very chopper-conscious, it's true. And because of this phobia of theirs a number of stars, who shouldn't have, have capped teeth—just like the man said. But not Jeanne. How do you know? Because she has a couple of slightly crooked teeth, even as you and I, and when she smiles she looks like a very natural and normal school girl, and not like a glorified ad for plastic dentistry. Her lashes are her own, and so thick that you wonder how she ever manages to see through them. Sometimes she doesn't. This causes her to wrinkle her nose, toss her head back, and look at you from under them. It's her one mannerism to date. And as for that figure of hers—well—no one at the studio has ever even thought of suggesting an improvement on Nature's original handiwork. Masseurs, who do a thriving business (*Please turn to page* 89)

Jeanne is appearing with Cornel Wilde, top left, in "Leave Her to Heaven" in which Gene Tierney has the third co-starring rôle. She's popular with her fellow players; scans Walter Brennan's scrapbook, left below.

Season's Greetings From Hollywood!



For Claudette Colbert, this Yuletide season has been her happiest, for her husband came home from the wars. And her new picture for International, "Tomorrow Is Forever," looks like a hit.

It may be corny, it may be the same old tune — but we wish it more than ever this time: a happy, hopeful New Year to one and all.





Margaret O'Brien has that look in her eye that bodes no good for fuddy-duddies, if there are any left around this season. Angela Lansbury of MGM's "Harvey Girls," above, has extra cause for rejoicing, being Hollywood's happiest new bride, Mrs. Richard Cromwell.

AROUND THE LOT WITH JUDY







Bright particular star of "The Harvey Girls" gets a lift from hero John Hodiak on the MGM lot. Facing page shows Judy as a pistol-packin' mama about to hold up the wild Alhambra Bar and Dance Hall to rescue the kidnapped Harvey manager. And here's Judy, in slacks and in one of her costumes for the picture, getting a grooming from makeup experts between scenes.







The Garland grace and humor are plainly seen in these exclusive photos, which show Judy with Virginia O'Brien and, right, silent screen star Colleen Moore; left below, with Byron S. Harvey, president, and Byron Harvey, Jr., vice-president of the Fred Harvey System which inspired the film. Right below, Judy's husband, Vincente Minnelli, gifts her with roses and George Folsey with a wood carving.





MEET MARC PLATT

Broadway's loss was Hollywood's gain when this new dancing star came to town

By Eleanor Pitts

WHEN Marc Platt stepped from the Chief at Union Station, direct from the Broadway hit, "Oklahoma!" he almost got back on the train and headed for familiar ground.

He was scared. Afraid that he wouldn't make good in pictures now that he had his chance. Only the fact that he'd achieved a goal he'd worked eighteen years for, made him decide to give Hollywood a try. "After all," he reasoned with himself, "I do have a contract and I do have a part." He was to be Rita Hayworth's dancing partner in "Tonight and Every Night."

Just two weeks before, Columbia's New York talent scout had knocked on the door of his dressing room after the show. He explained he'd seen the show several times, was convinced Marc had talent they could use. Would he be interested in a screen test? Would he? You bet! (*Please turn to page 78*)



Marc Platt scored a sensation in his first film, "Tonight and Every Night," and won new starring rôle in "Tars and Spars." He's seen below in ballet routine and in scene still of his latest picture with Janet Blair and Alfred Drake.



"PARDON MY PAST"

And look forward to my future, kids Marguerite Chapman as she steps into her first really glamorous rôle after many apathetic parts — opposite Fred MacMurray in Columbia's gay romance, "Pardon My Past"

Color photos by Frank Tanner, Columbia Studios



Robert Alda of "Rhapsody in Blue."



John Dall of "The Corn Is Green."



Dick Erdman, comedy hit in "Janie."



William Prince of "Pillow to Post."

NO CEILING ON SUCCESS

Hollywood's new crop of actors are zooming skyward on efficient 1946 rockets

By Joan Michaels

ALICE'S plunge down the rabbit hole was fast for her day and age, but today it would be like sitting on a slow train going backward. Hollywood's new crop of actors are zooming on efficient 1946 rockets.

It's no surprise any more for an aspiring young guy to go to bed at night as a modest contract player only to wake up to the news that he's just landed on his studio's star list. It happened to such one-time unknowns as Van Johnson, Peter Lawford, and Tom Drake; to Eddie Ryan, Dick Crane, and Bill Williams. To them life is very, very kind at this point.

Blame it on any number of well-thumbed alibis, it's still a matter of fact that this year's stock of stars—four young men in particular—are destined to leave their footprints in the forecourt cement of Grauman's Chinese Theater. And it is with these four in particular that we deal at the moment.

Meet the people: William Prince, Robert Alda, Dick Erdman, and John Dall!

Burlesque had never given Hollywood anything more romantic than Abbott and Costello, Phil Silvers, and Rags Ragland—until Robert Alda breezed along. One day Bob was singing and making like a straight man in "burlycue"—and the next



Bob Alda out for a fun holiday with his wife and son Allie (Alphonse).

he was testing for the rôle of the late George Gershwin in the highly-publicized "Rhapsody in Blue."

As Alphonse D'Abruzzo, Bob did all right at New York University, studying to become an architect. During school he was a junior draftsman with a reliable architectural firm whose paycheck helped pay his tuition. Came the depression, the folding of Bob's "backers," and he was forced to bid farewell to the halls of learning.

Taking stock of his assets, he found himself in possession of a pleasing baritone voice which he cashed in to the tune of twenty-five dollars in a contest held by the Manhattan Academy of Music. Thus inspired, he sang for a couple of radio stations at night while clerking in a local store during the 9:00 to 6:00 hours. After a few guest spots at night clubs, he broke into burlesque and ran the gamut from juvenile leads to drunken derelicts.

He married his high school sweetheart whom he met (*Please turn to page* 81)

Bill Prince, below, lucky escort of Dolores Moran and Angela Greene.



Mothers call them Baby-Builders!



Why most young babies need these cereals rich in added iron

Baby starts off with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. This supply often runs low about two or three months after birth, then baby must get his precious iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists, working with doctors, have added generous amounts of iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both cereals have added vitamins of the B complex derived from natural sources as a further help to baby's well-being.

Both cereals are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve—mix right in baby's dish with milk or formula, hot or cold. Pediatricians advise serving Cereal Food at one feeding, Strained Oatmeal at the next. It helps baby eat better! Be sure to get Gerber's cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

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FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL
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Free sample .....

Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept. DI-6, Fremont, Michigan.

My baby is now ..... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

Name .....

Address ..... *City and State* .....



It's Moving Day at

Hollywood beauty pitches in and helps with the chores. Nothing broken but a fingernail, eit



The morning the moving van pulled up to start the Russell family on their way to their new home, eight people rang the doorbell trying to rent the apartment. No luck—a friend had signed up for it.



Gail's first job was to wrap and pack all the china and glassware in barrels. Not a single cup handle broke in the moving, much to Gail's—and her parents'—amazement. But a few fingernails had to be sacrificed in the good cause.



Mom's feather mattress had to be given special handle-with-care treatment by li'l Missy Russell herself. The mattress has been in the Russell family since their early Chicago days and is Mom's pride and joy.



Simpler than packing—just pick up your clothes, carry them on their hangers out to your car, and presto, you're moved. Paramount's starlet of "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" has simple, modest, unstarrish tastes.



That lamp, like Mom's mattress, had to have special care, as it was an anniversary gift to her parents from Gail. Seems that slacks and apron are ideal moving-day costume—that is, if you really pitch in as Gail does.



"Corny" rides in state in her own special basket out to the new Russell home. Gift of Miss Skinner whom Gail impersonated in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Corny is just one of the Russells' five dogs.

Gail Russell's



il and her parents move from apartment to first home they've ever owned, in Westwood Hills



Mom, Dad and Gail each carry a favorite possession out to their car. Not that they don't trust the moving men; nevertheless —



Gail considers her beautiful leather saddle and "Corny," her tiny Maltese terrier (named for Cornelia Otis Skinner) her most valuable possessions, so they are the last to leave the old home. Gail's an expert equestrienne.



The furniture hadn't arrived at the new home yet, so Gail gives her new barbecue a quick, efficient (note the scrub brush) clean-up job while awaiting the movers.



10526

"It's all mine," says pretty Gail as she poses on the front steps of her newly purchased home. She's frankly proud, because this house is her dream-come-true.

Photo Previews

First flashes from important new productions



Joan Fontaine has a new leading man in RKO's "From This Day Forward." He's Mark Stevens, shown with Joan above, and in character closeup at left.





Anna Lee, whom you know as a blonde, turns brunette for high-powered rôle in new chiller-thriller, "A Tale of Bedlam," powerful drama of 18th Century London, in which Boris Karloff, with Anna in scene above, does some very special leering.



First still of Dorothy McGuire and George Brent in RKO's "Some Must Watch," in which Dorothy plays a deaf mute.

Does Ginger Rogers look guilty in scene above? Well, she's just stolen a watch for, not from, Adolphe Menjou, or so the plot says. It's a scene from "Heartbeat," new Hakim-Wood production for RKO release.







Janis meets Janis, left above. Conrad Janis, boy from the Broadway stage, is featured in his first film, "Snafu," with pretty Janis Wilson. It's Columbia's movie version of George Abbott's hilarious stage hit about the under-age Army hero who gets into all kinds of funny complications when he returns to civilian life.

WELL, this is the time of year in Hollywood when everyone starts speculating on the next Academy Award winners. Who'll-get-an-Oscar comes March is good for two hours of heated arguments wherever movie folk have gathered together from Ocean Front Boulevard to Vine Street. The smart boys are betting that it will be a photo finish between Orson Welles for his *Kessler* in International's "Tomorrow Is Forever" and Ray Milland for his *Don Birnam* in Paramount's "The Lost Weekend." And coming up on the rail is a lad named Bing Crosby who portrays *Father O'Malley* in RKO's "The Bells of St. Mary's."

The way I look at it from where I'm sitting is that if Orson isn't given an Oscar the Academy is a bunch of stinkers. In "Tomorrow Is Forever" he gives such a moving, sympathetic, sincere performance that it fairly tears your heart out. (I must confess I haven't seen Ray's drunk and Bing's priest—but they just couldn't be much better). The Welles guy, who only a couple of years ago was called the deadliest thing in pictures, now seems to be hotter than a Van Johnson-Frank Sinatra parlay. Though most of them had never been nearer Missouri than the newsreels of President Truman, the producers went to see a pre-preview of Orson in "Tomorrow Is Forever" with a definite you-gotta-show-me attitude. They left the projection room, when they had wiped a thick mist from their glasses —these low California fogs, you know—gasping. Gasping for the Welles phone number. (And this time it wasn't Rita they wanted at the Welles dovecote in Brentwood.) Sagacious producer William Goetz, who had the advantage of seeing the rushes of "Tomorrow Is Forever," had everything under control. And under contract. Orson was already as busy as a buzz-saw on the next Goetz picture, a psychological murder thriller called "The Stranger," in which he co-stars with Loretta Young and Edward G. Robinson.

When "The Magnificent Ambersons" turned out to be a box office dud, though the critics raved, and "Jane Eyre" didn't do too well with our paying customers, though it was the biggest box office success of the year in England, Hollywood just decided that both as a producer and an actor Orson Welles was a greatly over-rated young man. They decided that the only thing he did exceptionally well, better than the other bright young men on their payrolls, was spend money. A Wellesian talent that Orson would be the last to deny.

But a snub from Hollywood was of little consequence to thirty-year-old Mr. Welles. The war was going full blast. A public-spirited young citizen with an eager desire to help people, Orson quickly threw himself whole-heartedly into war work. Turned down by the draft board after several efforts to enlist, he rented a vacant lot in Hollywood and set up shop with a magic show. When he was two years old, a toddling infant prodigy who talked like a college professor and looked like *The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu*, according to his I-knew-him-when acquaintances, his guardian, Dr. Bernstein, had presented him with a magician's outfit. At two he could make a bird cage disappear, at twenty-two he could make a million dollars disappear. "I'm working on a new disappearance act," he says today with a wicked gleam in his eyes. "When I perfect it I'll just give one wave—and Hollywood will disappear."

Orson sunk $65,000 of his own money in his magic show. (After a long run in Hollywood he took it on a tour of the Army camps.) Although civilians (suckers, he called them) paid $5.50 for a seat and were nicked a buck for a bag of peanuts or a soda pop, he never seemed to make expenses. The show was a great success with the servicemen who paid nothing, and had a perfectly wonderful time watching the Maestro extract a rabbit from his hat, saw beautiful Rita Hayworth in half, and with the help of leggy Marlene Dietrich read the future in a crystal ball. When he wasn't doing magic tricks for servicemen Orson was appearing once a week on his own radio pro-









Orson with his two daughters: Rebecca, whose mother is Rita Hayworth, and Christopher, child of Orson's first marriage. At left, studies of Welles in action, bearded for his rôle with Claudette Colbert (center) in "Tomorrow Is Forever," in which George Brent (top) also appears, and a new lad, Richard Long, receives the benefit of the Wellesian advice.

People love him, or hate him. But no one is indifferent to "The Great Ham" as Orson Welles calls himself

By Elizabeth Wilson

CITIZEN WELLES

gram, with innumerable guest appearances, and writing a syndicated newspaper column on national and international affairs called "Orson Welles' Almanac." In 1944 he played an active and vital part in the Roosevelt campaign, making radio speeches, and brilliant ones too, at the drop of a hat. He covered the San Francisco conference, and the Mexico City conference, both in his column and on the air. Every worthy cause stemming from California found Orson on the board of directors. And for relaxation he painted in oils. Evidently art-lovers think well of the Welles paintings. He has been invited to hold a one man show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York this Fall. No. Orson hasn't exactly been sitting near the phone, doodling sulkily, and waiting for a producer to call.

When the big boys at International decided to film "Tomorrow Is Forever" with Claudette Colbert and George Brent they cast their eyes around for someone to play the difficult rôle of *Kessler.* Ronald Colman was (*Please turn to page* 69)



Heads In The Clouds Feet On The Ground

Success in Hollywood depends not so much on how you make it as how you take it! Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, those two clever newcomers, are planning their careers smartly and sanely

By Gertrude Shanklin

IT WAS very much like a tennis game between Paul Lukas and young Bill Williams, working together for the first time in "Deadline at Dawn." Only Lukas, instead of playing the game to win against an opponent, played it more like an instructor training a promising beginner, which is just what he considers Bill. After he slammed a fast ball over the net at Bill, he repeated the play in slow motion, explaining how it was done.

In his dressing room, where he was relaxing after lunch, Lukas talked to me frankly about Bill.

"Williams is blessed by good old Mother Nature with practically everything. He's a handsome young fellow, intelligent, clever. The chief thing in his favor is his willingness to learn, to open his eyes. He knows he doesn't know much, but he's quick to learn. He's just like a fledgling trying his wings. Every time it works, he's surprised and delighted. Then right away he wants to try something else—something harder.

"What I told him is what should be the Bible of every actor: Mean everything you say, and then it will come out true. That's the first principle of good acting. The other thing is experience. No teacher can open the heart and soul and give a

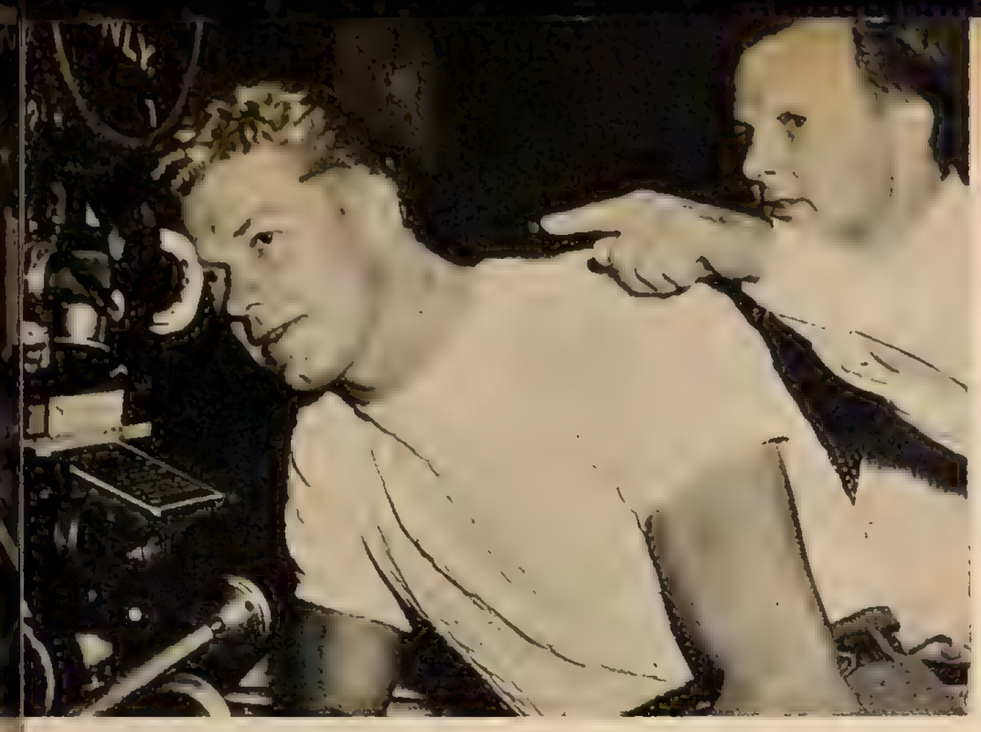


Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



Photo by Alex Kahle

Yes, Bill and Barbara have fallen for each other. RKO's young hopefuls tell us they have no definite marriage plans but don't be too surprised if they change their minds. Meanwhile both are ambitious to further their promising screen careers.





In "Deadline at Dawn" Bill was up against stiff acting competition with Paul Lukas and Susan Hayward, but he held his own, thanks to his serious attitude toward work and eagerness to learn from such an able and experienced trouper as Lukas.

young actor a teaspoonful of talent three times a week. The only way to develop talent is through experience. That's the only teacher there is—experience, experience, experience.

"There's no mystery about acting, although a lot of people would like to have you think there is. It's just hard work, and thinking, thinking, thinking. Always the meaning of the lines you are saying must be kept in your mind. It's not just learning the lines you are to say—it's putting yourself into the mind of your character. Learning what he thinks about. Why do I say that? Because if you do that, you can't go wrong."

To a finished actor like Paul Lukas, it seems as simple as that, and it's through simplifying the more complicated strokes in this acting game that he's been so helpful to Bill.

Bill Williams, on the other hand, was playing his first leading rôle in "Deadline at Dawn" with Lukas and Susan Hayward. That's pretty fast company for a "fledgling" and well he knows it. He knows also that it's the kind of opportunity that doesn't grow on bushes. He considers himself shot with luck, and is solemnly grateful for it.

Over lunch in the RKO commissary, with pretty Barbara Hale, the girl friend and constant pal, at his elbow helping out with admiring glances and an occasional remark, Bill told his side of Lukas' story.

"Was I scared when I started to work with Lukas? I'll say I was. I had never met him before we started rehearsals. But he put me at ease right away. One of the most important things he taught me was to relax. Lukas has the technique of relaxation mastered to a T. He told me, 'Things have been coming pretty fast to you, Bill. You'll have to learn to let go. Just stop being tight inside. The main thing is not to let your nerves get the best of you. You can't build your career on nerves. You've got to have a solid foundation.'

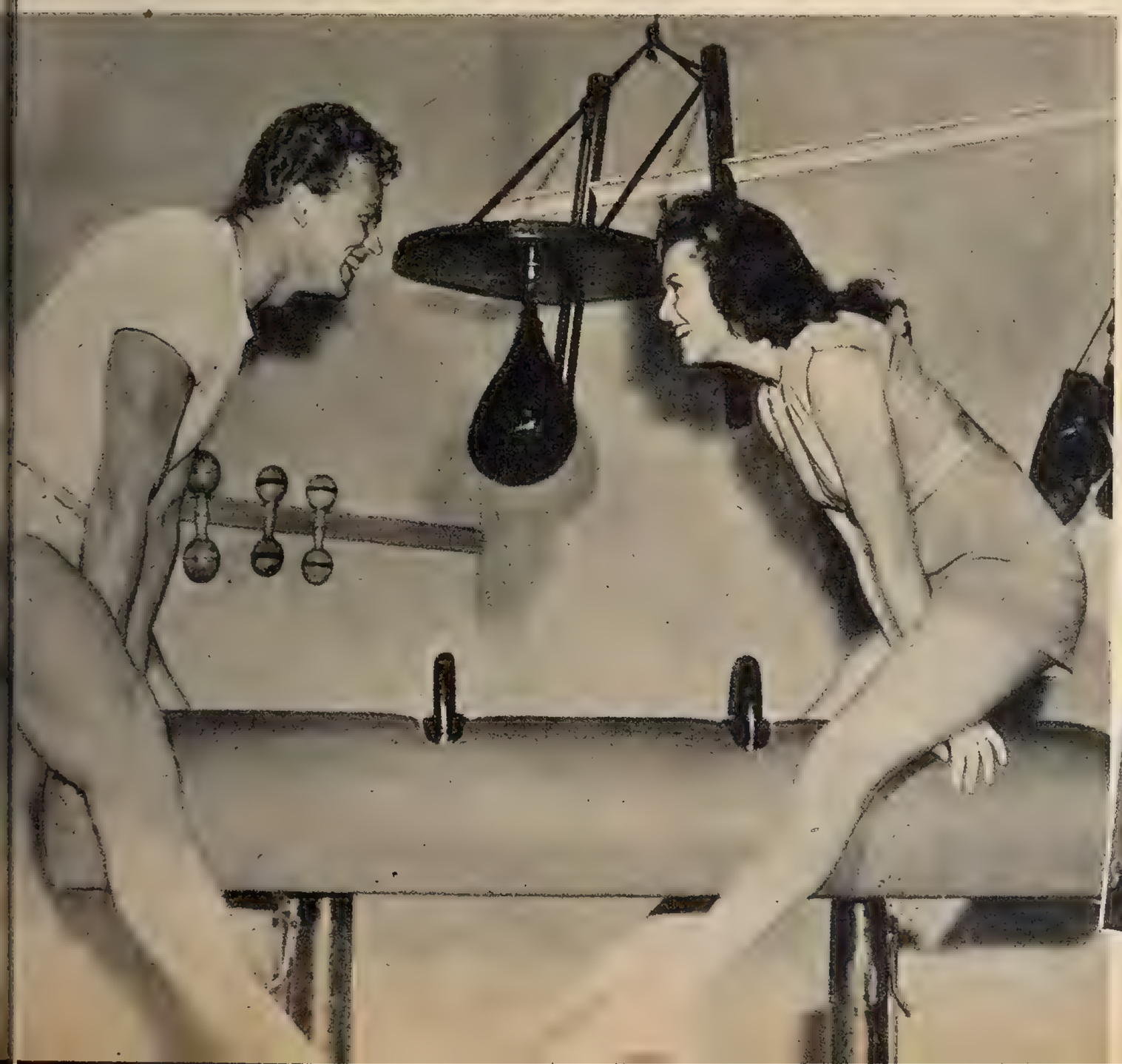
"But the greatest thing he's taught me is to study the thought back of my lines. He talks to me before we do a scene, and helps me get the meaning of it, get in the mood. Sometimes after I've done a scene, he'll say to me, 'I didn't believe that. You didn't really mean it.' He doesn't believe in technique or dramatic lessons or any of that stuff. He says you have to believe what you say, and that's all there is to acting.

"Of course, he's taught me a lot of other things, too. Such as walking. I know how to walk now without being conscious of it. Lukas taught me how to pace off my steps. He's a master of that. He knows just how to enter a scene, and how to pace off steps during it. He could throw a hat over his shoulder backwards, and back up to the very spot where it landed. That's how exact his sense is. You simply can't lose Lukas in front of the camera.

"He's taught me to watch the lights, too. I've learned now where the best angles are. And I've learned not to get behind obstacles. I can sort of tell where they are now without looking. The other day we had a scene in which I was standing behind a detective, and they were shooting over his shoulder. I could sense without looking that his hat was cutting me, so I kept edging away from him, until I was nearly out of the scene. When I told them why I was doing it, they lined us up differently and did it again. You see, from what Lukas has taught me about these things, I know when I'm in a hot spot and when I'm not."

In "Deadline at Dawn" Bill plays a young sailor, who, while on leave in New York City, (*Please turn to page 75*)

Bill is willing to learn this acting business the hard way, as dramatic coach at RKO Studios, Lillian Burns, will testify. Below, they are studying the Williams voice for future reference and improvement. Left, the Williams-Hale team works out in the studio gym.





"Stork Club" Fashions

Paramount's film about New York's noted nightspot shows a glitter-gowned Betty Hutton



1



2



3

Fashions by Edith Head

1 An exciting contrast to Betty's blondeness is the black crepe midriff suit, embroidered with gold and silver braid around the waist. The braid also trims the high turban and fur muff.

2 White jersey dinner dress which Betty wears so well has a Persian influence with its blouse and skirt fullness gathered in by a wide gold and silver shaped girdle of ornate design.

3 More of the Persian influence is seen in her dark brown wrap-around pajamas worn with a pale aqua blouse. The arm bands and frog fastenings of Persian embroidery add glitter.

4 Black velvet slacks worn with a coat of white brocade make a perfect costume for a leisure hour. The coat has a high round neckline and is fastened with white frogs flecked with gold.

5 Exotic is the word for Betty in this black jersey midriff gown with long sleeves. White satin butterfly design and chain motif over the shoulders form interesting ornaments.

6 Sable turban and bag add glamor to a plain beige wool suit, which features an intricately embroidered pocket of gold. The severely tailored jacket is softened by a gently rolled collar.





Eleanor Parker is tickled by her boy friend, big, blond golfer Joe Kirkwood, Jr.



Gay group: Virginia Hunter, Hurd Hatfield, Bonita Granville and host Ross Hunter.



Two in tune: Faith Dorn with stalwart hi of "Paris—Underground," Kurt Krueger.

Exclusive photos
by Jack Albin

Hay Ride Party

Honoring Judy Canova, young leading man Ross Hunter throws a party—corny but fun—by way of thanking Judy for helping him over the rough spots in the script of "Hit the Hay," recent Columbia comedy they made together

Judy and husband, Sgt. Chet England, atop the hay wagon which drove guests to the party. Judy also brought along the billy goat, which stayed only a few minutes, as his perfume was not Chanel No. 5 and he liked to butt the actors too much.

Bill Eythe, below, gets a bite from Marie McDonald as Frank Sinatra and Margaret Whiting look on. Above, Marie's husband, agent Vic Orsatti, pulls her pigtails. Right, Mrs. Van Heflin waits her turn as Bob Hutton lifts girl friend Cleatus Caldwell to the hay wagon.

Radio's highest paid female entertainer, Joan Davis, cuts a caper with her husband, Cy Wills. Get Joan's striped "nylons" and red and white polka dot bloomers.





Eddie Bracken gives newly-wed Betty Hutton a kiss at a reception welcoming her and husband, Ted Briskin, back to Hollywood. At left, Loren Tindall and Diana Lynn add their felicitations and congratulations.

DESPITE their denials (practically up to the not-so-bitter end) Mickey Rooney's ex-wife and Lana Turner's ex-husband did become man and wife. All of which means that Ava Gardner is now Mrs. Artie Shaw. It will be a stay-at-home honeymoon because both are working. Ava is making a picture, Artie appearing with his band at a local night club. No one seems to know exactly why they were so secretive about their plans. For the past year they have kept steady company. Hollywood's only interest was the desire to see two nice people live happily ever after.

LONG before the Gloria De Haven-John Payne baby is born, "Till the Clouds Roll By" will be completed. But there will be one unfinished sequence. This is the one in which Gloria appears. This film biography of composer Jerome Kern is one of MGM's most ambitious adventures. Gloria being one of their most ambitious and important young actresses is worth waiting for. A nice tribute to a nice girl.

A WHOLE new world has opened up for Van Johnson. His MGM bosses knew he could dance, for Van was discovered in the chorus. But on the set of "No Leave, No Love," Van nonchalantly borrowed Xavier Cugat's violin. Everyone thought he was kidding until he started to play. And darn well, too. They rushed the news to the front office. Now they're fiddling (!) around for the perfect story.

NO MORE is the name "Sirocco" embroidered on Errol Flynn's yachting cap. Instead it now reads "Zaca," the name of the new 118-foot job that Flynn recently purchased and marked down, mind you, for $40,000. Now Errol is looking for a script that calls for yachting scenes and plenty of 'em. Yachts very nice, says we!

JUST to look at June Allyson is to know how much her marriage to Dick Powell means to her. In fact, it's practically contagious. Whenever they walk into Ciro's the orchestra starts playing "June Is Bustin' Out All Over." That's right—bustin' with happiness. And very becoming, too.

KIND of a cute gag they pull at a famous Hollywood eating emporium. Bogey and Bacall dine there quite often and usually call up early and reserve the same table. Whenever they do, the head waiter puts two signs on the table. Where Bacall sits, the sign reads "The Look." Where Bogey sits, the sign reads "The Leer." And of course Mr. and Mrs. B. get a great kick out of it.

Here's Hollywood

Gossip By Weston East

"THE CLUB" is the name of THE swankiest new hangout in Hollywood. To belong, all you have to do is to be famous. And of course a good bank account will help to pay those lunch checks. Recently, Dennis Morgan had a date there to have lunch with Jack Carson. His car was in the studio when the strike was called. So Dennis couldn't cross the picket line. Living way out in the country, a taxi was out of the question. So Dennis hitch-hiked. Up in front of "The Club" he arrived, in a milk truck. Snooty stars alighting from their limousines looked on with horror. Jack Carson, grinning from ear to ear, pretended he didn't know him when Dennis walked up to his table.

AT A recent mass meeting, Jack Benny addressed Hollywood's greatest stars on the importance of still keeping our boys entertained. Said J. B. in his own inimitable style: "It used to be that you had to be able to sing or dance. But now since the war is won, the boys are satisfied if they can just look at you. Talent isn't necessary. Look at my wife. She's definite proof of that!" Of course everyone roared. And over half of those present agreed to go and be "looked at." Jack was satisfied.

THE devotion of Richard Quine for his wife, Susan Peters, is something that every Hollywood husband should stop and think about. Ever since the accidental bullet that paralyzed her from the waist down, Susan has only known complete care and consideration from Dick. Today, they are even more in love, if that is possible. Once a week Susan and Dick have a standing date with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Nothing ever interferes with this date. Lucille will see to it that nothing ever does. This is the kind of story we like most to tell the world about. Hollywood has many of them.

CUTEST foursome in these here parts is newlyweds Mona Freeman and Pat Nearney, who double-date with Diana Lynn and Loren Tindall. The way they slyly watch the right hand side of the menu when they dine out is very amusing. And very commendable too. Today's movie youngsters live on a budget. They put their money into Victory bonds and annuities. All of which means they'll have something to show for their work—when they reach the ripe old age of 35!

FROM a nun in "The Bells of St. Mary's," to a lady of easy virtue in "Notorious" that's the lot of Ingrid Bergman. How does she do it? "Just by changing my hat," she says, with a twinkle in her eye. How about all that there talent, lady?

SOMEWHERE in Hollywood there's a sexy set of negatives that Kurt Kreuger would like to lay his hands on. And for excellent reasons, too! The handsome Swiss bellringer (when it comes to giving good performances) is a sun worshipper. Living on a remote hill top he often takes sun baths wearing little more than a pair of dark glasses. One day he received an envelope in the mail. Enclosed were half a dozen poses of himself. They were snapped by some eager-beaver fan who had managed to get them while Kurt slept blissfully in the sun.

LEAVE it to Perc Westmore, the make-up king, to become the most original (as well as the youngest) grandfather in Hollywood. When his grandchild was born, Perc passed out five hundred lipsticks. The Westmore brand? What do *you* think?



It's a double date for the Ronald Reagans (Jane Wyman) and the Gregory Pecks, snapped on their way to the theater.

Cesar Romero, back in civvies again after his stint in the Coast Guard, gives Sonja Henie a whirl at Cobina Wright's birthday party. Sonja Henie recently announced her separation from her husband, Dan Topping.

Celebrities meet celebrities at premières in Hollywood. Here, Van Johnson, Paul Henreid and Sonja Henie put on their best smiles for our cameraman.



Henry Fonda, just returned from overseas and still in uniform, finds interested audience in his wife and the Jack Carsons.



Robert Sterling and wife Ann Sothern, Ronald Reagan and wife Jane Wyman receive extra entertainment from an Ice Follies' belle.

NOW we've heard everything. Members of Zachary Scott's fan club have requested photographs of just his eyes. They want to fit them into a locket which each hysterical girl will wear around her neck. Zack doesn't know exactly what to do. Who would?

DOES it pay to be beautiful. Marie MacDonald (The Body) is wondering. Once a week at Palm Springs there's a royal command for everyone to don Western togs. Completely unaware of this edict, Marie appeared in slacks and a sheer blouse. Result, she was hailed into Kangaroo court and fined $50, which was turned over to a local charity. Another offender that same day was Alan Ladd. When he was only fined $25, Marie wanted to know how come? The reason, because Alan wasn't as beautiful as Marie!

ON THE set of "Gilda," Rita Hayworth received a birthday present every hour from Orson Welles. That night he gave her a dinner party at Café La Rue. At her place was a magnificent pair of jeweled crescent earrings—crescents because that's the way the moon was the night Orson proposed. Who was it who said that this marriage wouldn't last?

IN "Three Wise Fools" Margaret O'Brien will have three men in her life; namely, Lewis Stone (just starting his 22nd year at MGM), Lionel Barrymore and Frank Morgan. One morning Margaret, who is a very conscientious little person, was a few minutes late on the set. She felt quite upset. Turning to her mother, she said, "May I go and apologize to the 'boys' for keeping them waiting?"



James Craig has eyes only for his lovely wife at Cobina Wright's birthday party.

JUST why an actor of Philip Dorn's ability is so neglected, we wouldn't be knowing. Before he got an excellent part in Frank Borzage's "Concerto," Phil hadn't worked in thirteen months. Ironically enough, when the call came through Phil was on his way to get a short hair-cut. A minor traffic accident made him late for his appointment with the barber. Just as he was about to climb into the chair, his wife called. Excitedly she told him he was wanted to play the rôle of a long-haired musical conductor. A second's more delay, and he would have been snipped right out of this good break.

EVER since she worked with Wally Beery in "Bad Bascomb," Margaret O'Brien has pestered her mother for riding lessons. "But darling," persuaded Mrs. O'Brien in an alarmed voice, "supposing the horse should throw you." Margaret's face brightened. "Don't worry, mother," she explained. "I asked the man and he says all his horses are insured."



Norma Shearer, with Merle Oberon and her husband, Lucien Ballard, Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont, enjoy entertainment.



Bride Mona Freeman and Groom Pat Nearney greeted by Diana Lynn, his former girl friend, and Bill Sloan, Mona's ex-beau.


SHE'S GOT HAINTS IN HER TRANCE !
PAT plays ghost...to scare the Wolf from his "widow's" door!
PAT O'BRIEN · ADOLPHE MENJOU · ELLEN DREW
in
"MAN ALIVE"
with
RUDY VALLEE · FORTUNIO BONANOVA
Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS · Directed by RAY ENRIGHT
Screen Play by EDWIN HARVEY BLUM
RKO RADIO PICTURES

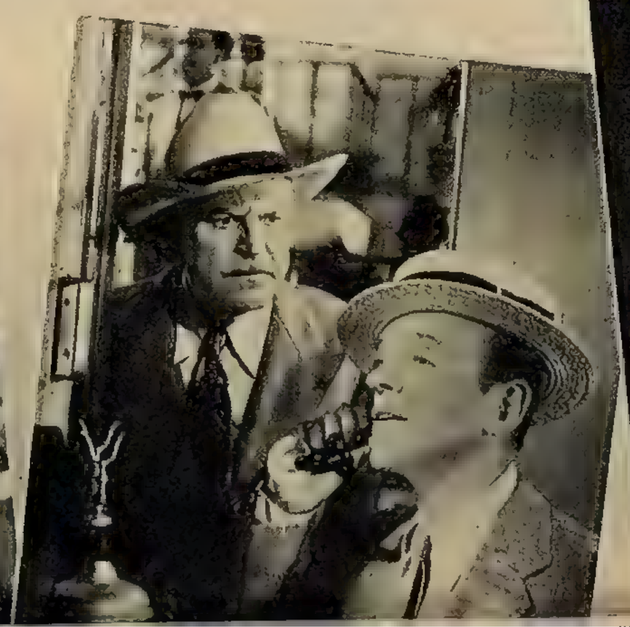
SCREENLAND SALUTES
"Yolanda and the Thief"

Amid the luxurious modernized fairytale background, a new star — Lucille Bremer — is born

Technicolor beauty marks these scenes that please from MGM's dance-musical, "Yolanda and the Thief," with Fred Astaire, Lucille Bremer, and Frank Morgan — all conspiring to make this enchanting entertainment. But don't let anyone reveal the ending, until you've seen it.











"MISS HOPE"

The great Bob clowns for a good cause



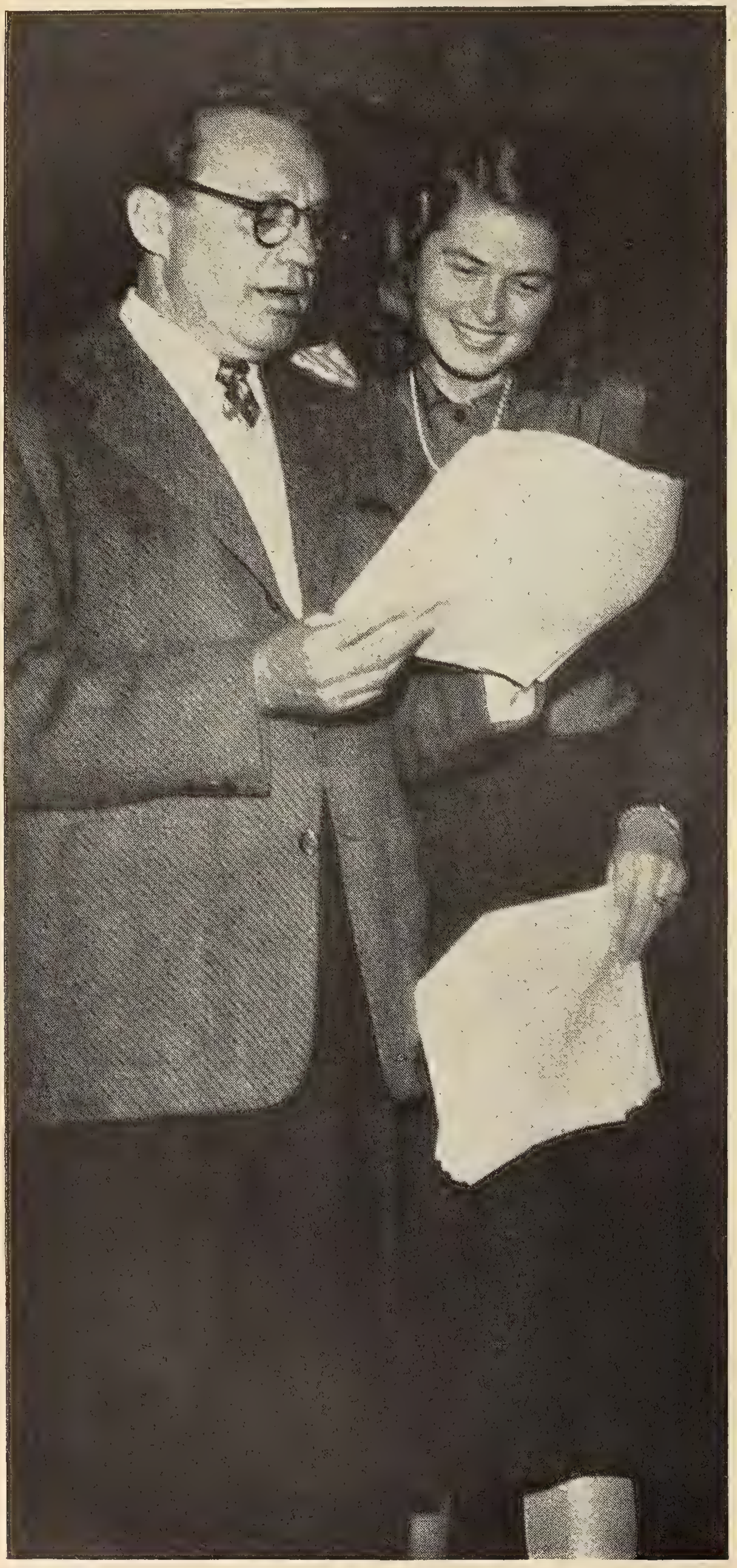
Ralph Edwards, left below, went on "Command Performance" for the Armed Forces Radio Service with his show, "Truth or Consequences." Bob Hope helped Ralph with one of the "consequences" by dressing as a woman and sitting in the audience next to a contestant. Bob as "Miss Hope" broke up the show by saying that the contestant was "insulting" him. Plenty of laughs followed.

Photos by Jack Albin



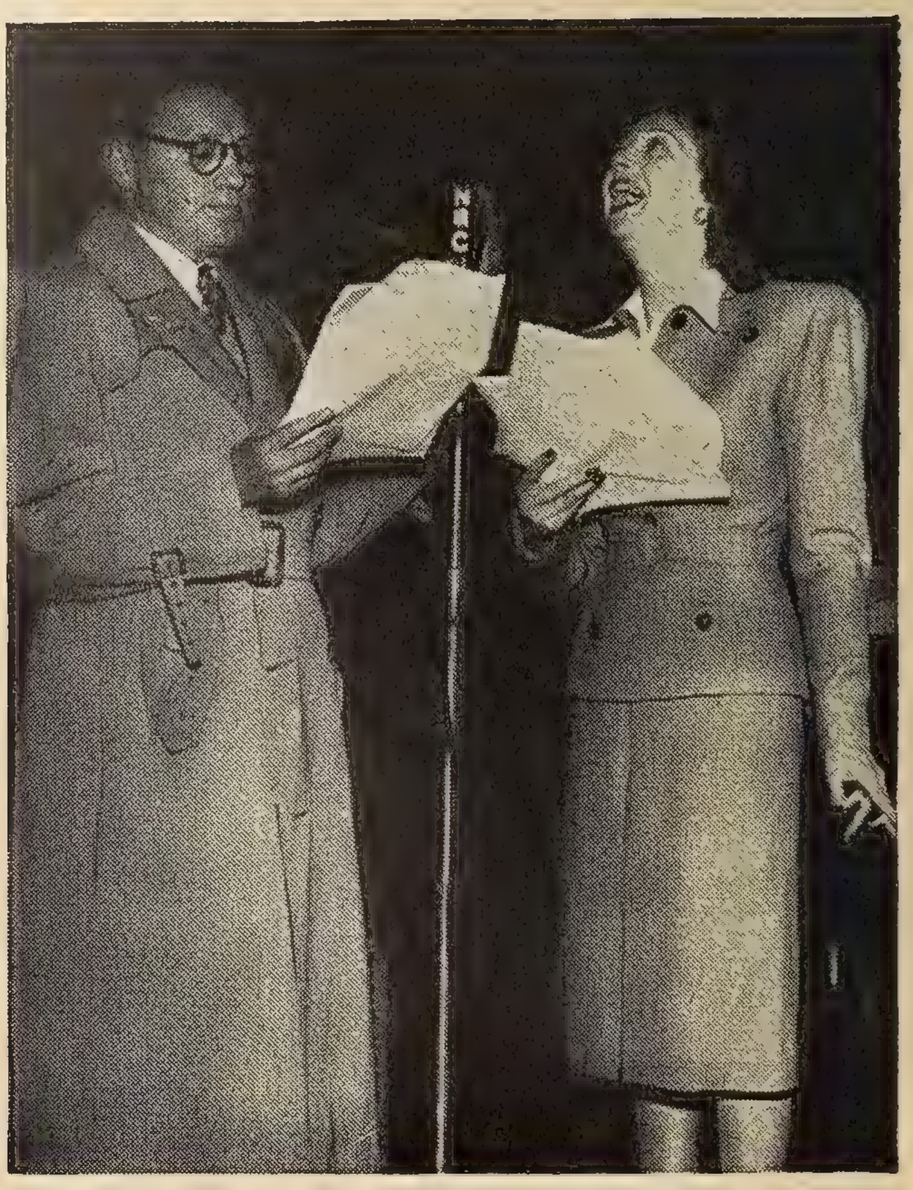


BERGMAN ON THE



Jack Benny and Ingrid, left, rehearse for broadcast at the Santa Barbara Army ground and services forces redistribution station in the Biltmore Hotel. Below, Ingrid trades bantering words with "Hot "Shot" Phil Harris; Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone in informal rehearsal mood.



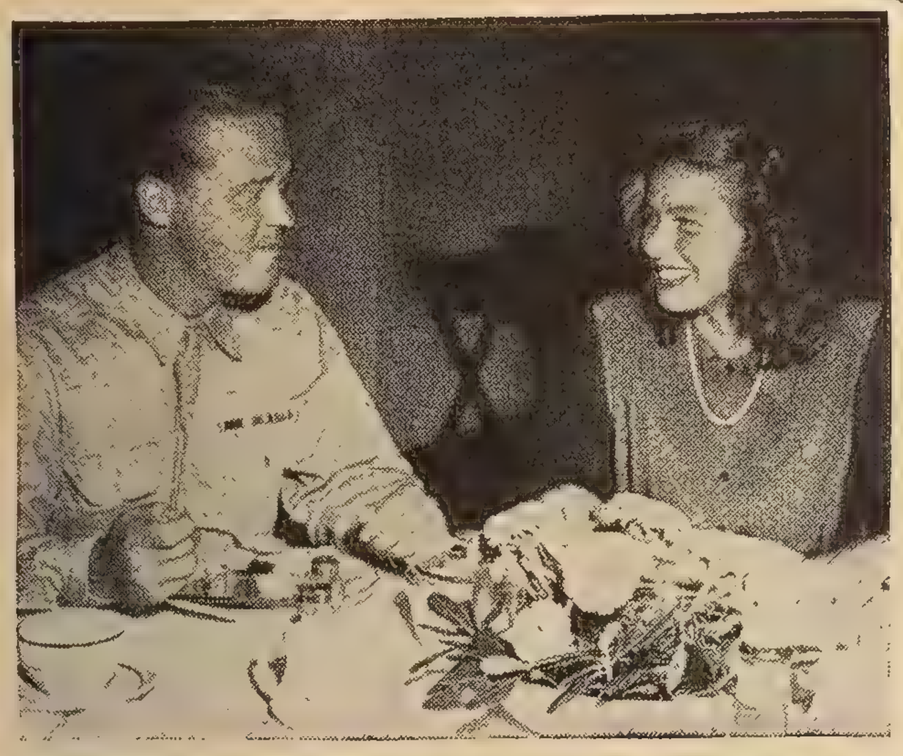


BEAM

Ingrid on the air! With Jack Benny, the star appeared in the show at redistribution center, and wowed them

Photos by Jack Albin

Ingrid gives Sgt. Richard Bierregaard of Milwaukee, Wis., the thrill of his life by eating lunch with him between rehearsal and actual show time. Group shot below gives an idea of the ease and nonchalance with which Benny and his troupe perform. But there's hard work behind it all.









Jimmy Stewart's Future Plans

Continued from page 21

He says he hasn't lost any weight but his face—never full—looks thinner. Under his overseas cap, there was a sprinkling of gray. He shrugs that off, "just as long as I'm not getting bald." One thing hasn't changed—his smile. When he posed for the WAC, that lop-sided grin came out.

Andrews Field, a huge sprawling settlement about 20 minutes' drive from Washington, was in a dither all day September 28. "Seems like we've had battalions of WACs marching by here eyes right for hours," groaned an officer at the separation center.

The center had only been operating for two weeks and nothing very exciting had happened before except the arrival of some B-29s. No celebrities, no war heroes until Col. Stewart reported at 8:20 a. m. for release to inactive duty. The center prides itself on one-day service for officers and every one was determined to do his best by the Colonel—not just because he was a movie star but because of what he calls the "lettuce" below his wings and because he's a pretty likeable sort of fellow.

That sort of word gets around. Captains who were getting the papers ready to send him back to civilian life remembered reading about the time he turned down a promotion from captain to major "until my junior officers get promoted from lieutenant." He accepted that promotion later, but not until some of the junior officers in his squadron went up a step, too.

The separation officers went quickly over his record—inducted as a private March 22, 1941, assigned to the Army Air Forces, appointed to flight school (although he was nearly 33—an old man as combat fliers go.) Commissioned January 1, 1942. Went overseas November, 1943, as a squadron commander. That's the record, but it doesn't begin to tell the story. He played the starring rôle again and again during his 21 months overseas—that is, he led formations of Liberators on one raid after another. In the course of 20 missions, he hit some of the toughest targets in Europe—Kiel, Bremen, Ludwigshaven, the Gilze-Rijen air fields, Fuerth, Pas-de-Calais, Brunswick, Frankfurt and Berlin.

He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for piloting the first bomber over the target in a raid on Nazi aircraft factories at Brunswick, Germany. The citation read: "Despite aggressive fighter attacks and heavy anti-aircraft fire, he was able to hold his formation together and direct the bombing run over the target in such a manner that the planes following him were able to bomb with great accuracy."

He also wears a Cluster on the DFC. the Air Medal with two Clusters, the French Croix de Guerre with Palm and the European theater ribbon with seven battle stars.

He looks now like a man who can take responsibility, and he had plenty to take. He was promoted in the field from squadron commander to operations officer to wing commander of the 2nd Bomb Wing. If it hadn't been for the end of the war with Japan, he would have been hitting Tokyo by this time. His 8th Air Force unit was classed for redeployment to the Pacific and he was waiting in Europe for passage when the end came. With his unit, he came back to America on the Queen Elizabeth September 1, and he can't get over that ship.

"There were 15,000 of us on it but honestly, it wasn't a bit crowded. I bet they could have put 80,000 men on it." Then he added with that familiar old





Battle of the beauties: Ava Gardner, left, has added a new sophistication in her rôle in "She Went to the Races," and Frances Gifford, right, who usually plays the "other woman," puts up stiff competition for the hero's affections. If you don't believe it, note reactions at top of opposite page.



Love is in the balance. Which will it be—Frances Gifford, as the lady professor, or Ava Gardner, the wealthy playgirl? That's James Craig's problem, above.





At left, Ava demonstrates new seductive allure in a closeup with James Craig. Above, the charming sweetness of Frances Gifford brings desired results in the film.

lop-sided grin, "Well, 20,000 anyhow."

He talked about coming home as he waited for the endless stream of papers to be processed. He had just come from his home town of Indiana, Pa., and he was grateful because the citizens of his town dispensed with the hero's welcome he didn't want. They put up a "Welcome, Jim" banner and left him to himself.

Separation officers brought him papers to sign—one certifying his terminal leave. He has four months of that coming. There was a paper saying he didn't have any Government property and one relieving him from active duty. There was another very important paper—his appointment to the Air Corps Reserve. He was sworn in as a Colonel in the reserves—ready to go back to duty should his country call. Incidentally, the officer who swore him into the reserves got a particular kick out of it. When Jimmy Stewart was one of MGM's brightest stars, Capt. Charles M. Crawford was a production man and script writer on the same lot. It was Capt. Crawford who swore him into the reserves.

During the morning, Col. Stewart, like all other officers and enlisted men on their way back into civilian clothes, went to the counsellor. Assigned to help the Colonel with his problems was Capt. Daniel Ropp, who reported later that the Colonel was "pretty well posted on the procedures," and that he certainly was a "quiet, unassuming fellow."

Capt. Ropp explained to the Colonel how he should go about continuing his Government insurance—which the Colonel plans to do. He reminded Jimmy to be sure to report to his draft board within 10 days after his discharge.

Jimmy wanted to know if he could go back to work while he was still on terminal leave and therefore still getting pay from the Army. Capt. Ropp said that would be all right as long as he wasn't working for the Government. Then there was the matter of fixing up Jimmy's separation qualification record. That's the one that tells future employers what the veteran did in the war and how it would fit into a civilian job.

"Everybody wanted to know what the military occupational specialty of a movie actor was," chuckled Jimmy when he got through the counselling. "I told them I didn't know."

Commented Capt. Ropp earnestly: "His military experience will make him a better movie actor. He's had wide experience under difficult conditions."

While Jimmy was waiting to take his last Army physical examination, a reporter asked him if he had any postwar problems. "I don't believe in this readjustment business. I think everything is just the same as it was when I went away."

He said that quite seriously but then he started to grin. "You know," he said reflectively, "I don't really feel that I need a psychologist."

By this time the reporters and photographers had descended in force on their objective. Jimmy looked at them with a decided lack of enthusiasm. He wasn't being temperamental about publicity but for four and a half years he's been burying a brilliant past to live in the uncertain present of a man who not only faced death regularly himself but was responsible for the lives of scores of other men. The habit of trying to make people forget he was a movie star was still with him.

With admirable calm and only a slight tenseness along the jaw line he said in answer to questions that he had no opinions about the atomic bomb, that he was in favor of a strong postwar air force, that he thought it would take "some time" before stratosphere flights would be the ordinary thing and that a question about the relative beauty of British and American girls was "the $64 question."

Did he have any plans to marry?

His ruddy face—a ruddiness that came from living outdoors for a long time—became just a little redder. No, he said firmly, he had no plans to marry.

A friend confided later that Jimmy had no ideas about staying a bachelor forever, but that—believe it or not—he was painfully shy with girls. In England, paper work kept him at his desk until as late as 2 a. m. on many a night, but even so he could have gone out had he wanted to. Actually, he went out very little—usually squiring a relative of the family who lives in Britain. When his ship docked in New York, too, Air Force friends were willing to give him the run of their little black books. He didn't take them up on the offer.

Jimmy, of course, wasn't volunteering that information to the boys and girls of the press. He simply hastened to get the questions away from talk about sweethearts back home, and was obviously relieved when the press departed.

After lunch in the officers' club at Andrews Field, Jimmy took his physical examination and then went to the pay window. "Wouldn't you know this would be the last thing," he grinned as he tucked the pay check into his wallet.

In case you had any worries about Jimmy's financial condition — which, of course, you didn't—the Army is looking after him just fine. Between the time he went off active duty and the end of his terminal leave in February, he will collect $2,429.28. That includes flying pay for September, subsistence, longevity, travel pay and rental allowance. In all, it's somewhat less than what he is said to have made in a single week before he went to war.

With a businesslike briefcase full of Army papers under his arm, Col. Jimmy Stewart left Andrews Field on his way to civilian life—but not before he had ridden once more around a field filled with Army planes.

He had started looking forward. He was talking about owning "some kind of a little plane of my own." And he was anxious to get to work.

Somebody wanted to know if he wouldn't like to do some fishing first. Veterans are always talking about going fishing before they settle down. "Oh, I've taken care of the fishing," he smiled. "Did that when I was home. No, I want to get to work. I'd like to be in a comedy. No war pictures for me."

His contract with MGM had run out while he was in the Army and he talked at the separation center about free-lancing but he hadn't been back in Hollywood a day before it was reported that he was all tied up again.

He's not worrying about the future. After all, a man who has led a flight of Liberators into a mess of ack-ack isn't going to go pale at a mess of movie cameras. Or, as the counsellor assigned to advise the Colonel put it, "He seems to be ready to enter civilian life in a good way"—which is the most generous verbal pat on the back an Army counsellor can give.

Forever Audrey

Continued from page 33

to her daughter's baby tears and enrolled her in a dancing class for infants, the child was removed with haste and dispatch when Audrey's Swedish-born grandparents got wind of it. No grandchild of theirs was going to absorb such an atmosphere of sin and debauchery!

Chicago is only forty miles from Joliet and when the time came for Audrey to go there to try for a job on the stage, she simply went. She was eighteen, fresh out of high school and very, very eager. Wasn't she perfectly familiar with such masters as Ibsen and Shakespeare, and hadn't she even played a season of Summer stock, doing "Stage Door," "Night Must Fall" and "The Late Christopher Bean"? Nothing could stop her—and nothing did. She got a part very quickly with Ian Keith in "The Copperhead" and when the show's run was over, she gravitated naturally to radio.

"But here I walked right into something on the first audition," Audrey said. "The director of the show, an awfully nice little man, took me aside and told me, with all the kindness in the world, to go back to Joliet. 'You have nothing, dear,' he said, patting me gently, 'just nothing to offer radio.'"

But Audrey thought perhaps she did have something to offer, not perhaps the round, pear-shaped enunciation she'd been hearing in Mr. Keith's "Copperhead" company, but something else more modern and colloquial. And she proved it by getting a job in "My Sister Eileen" in the road show touring the middle west.

The first night they played Chicago, Audrey saw a little man down in front making signs, gestures, and grimaces at her. He bowed, smiled, wiggled his fingers as the astonished Audrey eyed him in bewildered fascination.

"And then I remembered!" she laughed. "It was the same little man who'd advised me to go home to Joliet because I had nothing to offer as an actress! Now he was trying to tell me how wrong he'd been. When he and his wife came backstage after the performance, he insisted that he was going to send me a big bunch of roses just to show how sorry he was for trying to discourage me. But his nice wife said that wasn't practical; the roses would wither and be thrown away. And the next day a big, red purse came from them. I still have it and value it, not only because it's so beautiful, but because it tells that even an umpire can be big enough to reverse a decision."

Another gift she values from that time is a makeup case given her by members of the "My Sister Eileen" company. It never was a very elegant article and it's pretty battered now, but she still carries it as an emblem of good luck—even into the makeup department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which is possibly the best equipped in the whole industry—"just in case they might need something."

After "My Sister Eileen" closed, her marvelous voice and gift of mimicry made radio a natural field for her. She's worked in almost all the soap operas coming out of Chicago, among them "Ma Perkins," "Road of Life," and "Bright Horizons."

"I went to New York for no reason at all except that I wanted to go," Audrey continued, "and all the radio contacts I'd made in Chicago were simply continued there. So it was easy to get jobs on the Readers' Digest Show, 'Inner Sanctum,' 'Lower Basin Street' and lots of others."

A part of Audrey's chameleon personality is an ability to appear as if she didn't quite know the score. She's such an attractive small bit of five-foot-three girl that the look in those big blue eyes might easily be mistaken for guilelessness. At least, one big butter-and-egg man from up State thought so when he saw her going in and out of her hotel. Audrey pretended she didn't see him following her; she made believe his signals and wig-wags and meaning looks were for someone else, but when he trailed her to the broadcasting station where she was working and tried to wangle an introduction, she got mad.

"Look," she hissed to an actor on the program, "something's got to be done to teach this character a lesson!"

So they put their heads together and evolved a scheme, which resulted in the amorous yokel getting his date all right, but it was for luncheon with Audrey's friend along, not only as chaperon but as interpreter. For it seemed that suddenly Audrey, the minx, spoke nothing but Swedish, understood no English and only a *leetle* French.

"I'll never know how we kept our faces straight during that silly meal!" Audrey giggled. "To see that character pointing to a glass and mouthing 'Wa—ter' to teach me English and then having my friend explain in what passed for French and me answering in Swedish, was almost too much. But when he finally gave me up as hopeless and made a lame excuse to leave, the sight of his face when I said, in very definite American, 'Well, so long, Joe!' was when we really exploded!"

When talent scouts for motion pictures discovered there was a great untried field in radio, Audrey was tested by Twentieth Century-Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She saw both tests, described them as "unbelievably bad" and dismissed a picture career from her mind. Not long afterward, she was about to sign a new thirteen-week contract for a radio show when she contacted her agent to settle about money.

"Where *have* you been?" he shrieked. "The scout from Metro's been looking all over town for you! They want you on the coast right away to start a picture!"

Everybody concerned was wildly excited and practically threw the poor girl onto a westbound plane. She had only a few necessary things in a small satchel; her books, the rest of her clothes, her collection of elephants (she gathers them in all sizes, from a huge silver one almost too heavy to lift to the tiniest carved out of ivory, just because she wanted to run away and join a circus when she was a little girl), her big library of records—swing, rhumba, concerto, symphony—were all to follow later. There was no time to discover that her ration books had been tossed out and burned up with the trash; there was scarcely time to apologize for a colossal muff on her last broadcast when, instead of saying, "Use So-and-So's cream, tissue it off, and leave a light film of cream on your face overnight," she said, "Use So-and-So's cream, tissue it off and leave a light film of skin on your face overnight!"

Audrey must get to the coast *right away*. She got to the coast all right—on the fifteenth of May—and sat around until the middle of August, when her first picture, "Main Street After Dark," finally started.

Her mother came out for a short visit not long ago and returned to the apprehensive Totters in Joliet with the glowing report that Hollywood in spite of all their worry, was a perfectly safe place for their little Audrey. Why, everybody there worked like dogs, from dawn until long after dark. Their child got up every morning at half-past five and went to the studio on the bus. She wore slacks, an old topcoat and had a kerchief round her head. Indeed, she looked just like a manual laborer, even to the "My Sister Eileen" makeup case that anyone might take for a lunch box. No, the Totters have nothing to worry about.

Audrey and another girl, who also works at the studio, have just found a new apartment after months of hotel life. It's done in Chinese motif, reds, black and gold, very modern and smart, and it's out near the Los Angeles Country Club on the edge of wooded hills and fields where she can hike to her heart's content. Audrey plays the piano and bass fiddle and—of all things—is an expert taxidermist! She cares little about clothes, to the distress of her room-mate who, at the sight of a very big star who's notorious for her sloppy dressing in public, exclaimed, "There, but for the grace of heaven, goes Audrey Totter!"

Audrey's no spun-sugar Powers model for prettiness, but she has two qualities that lift her far above the realm of simple, senseless beauty. These two qualities are intelligence and humor. Through them the studio intends to push her forward faster and further than they've pushed many players before, so that very soon people may point to a star and say, "There, by the grace of her own ability, goes Audrey Totter!"



Audrey Totter in a scene with Snowball, the white cockatoo in "The Sailor Takes a Wife."

The Anti-Phony

Continued from page 25

epic experience, the lad's eyes followed Wayne's as they returned to the small figure in there pitching; then gulping he said, "Say, that down there—Mike, I mean. Is he your kid?"

"Yes, *sir!*"

"Well, criminy. That so? Gosh, he never said nuthin'. Never told us. Gee. Well, could I, uh, have your autograph?"

"Sure."

The boy produced a grubby scrap of paper, passed it over, said, "The name's Steve."

John Wayne wrote, "To Steve—from Michael Wayne's Dad."

The kid grinned. He got it.

On a beachhead in the South Pacific, two tired, mud-stained young Marines looked up at a visiting stranger, a big guy, almost as tired and mud-stained as they were. Then, recognition dawning, blinking incredulously, they jumped to their feet, whooping, "Hiya, Duke!"

In the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, some weeks ago, the famed hotel's suave manager, bellboys, elevator operators, passing bobby-soxers and their sisters and their brothers and their aunties and their mothers greeted a tall man, wearing a tan slack suit and carrying one piece of rather battered luggage with "Glad to see you, Duke!" "It's the Duke again!" "Welcome, Duke"—and they did NOT mean the also then-resident Duke of Windsor!

In Florida on location with the "They Were Expendable" company; in Hollywood on the sets of "Dakota," wherever he may be at work, co-stars, directors, visitors to the sets and, more significantly, grips, gaffers, props, script girls and extras hail Wayne as "The Duke!"

The Duke doesn't flip back any "Misters," either. Remembering that he began back in 1930 in a swing-shift gang and knew most of the crews and extras by their first names, he hasn't seen any reason to put fancy handles on democracy. The result is that crews not only knew him when, but—which is a something—like him now.

Somewhere in the South Pacific, Wayne stood one morning some months ago talking with the boys. After swapping scuttlebutt for a time, the Duke turned to a freckle-faced G.I. and said, "What is your dream of home?"

Without hesitating, the kid answered, "To sit on that back porch under that apple tree and drink that glass of beer."

Wayne turned to an older man, asked, "And you?"

The soldier said, "Same here."

In his suite at the Waldorf, recalling this incident, Wayne told me: "Those guys on their way back from overseas, or still waiting to get back, don't want to be heroes. They don't want to be big shots. They don't want to be millionaires. They don't want Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard or night clubs or dames. Not for long, they don't. What they want is what that freckle-faced kid wanted—that back porch under that apple tree and the right to drink that glass of beer in the peace they fought for and won. They want their homes, as they remember them. They want their girls, the same way. They want the fundamentals; nothing phony."

These three anecdotes about (a) a man who isn't the star in his son's territory, (b) a man whose nickname is a household name from Peoria to Park Avenue, and (c) a man who asks other men, "What is your dream of home?" seems unrelated, perhaps, but they add up, in my opinion, to the code, the creed, the character of John Wayne, demonstrating as they do his hatred of pretentiousness, his loathing for the phony.

For when John told me, "They want the fundamentals—nothing phony," he added, and with fervor, "*same here.*"

I said, "You mean—?"



John Wayne, as a PT boat skipper, and Donna Reed, as a self-sacrificing Army nurse, defy danger for love in "They Were Expendable."

"Look," the Duke said, "here's the story:"

Back in 1930 (April 30th of 1930, I even remember the date!) a big lunk named Marion Michael Morrison—even then called the Duke on account he'd played the part of a Duke, fancy pants and all, in a high school play and the tag had stuck—was toting a cargo of furniture across a sound stage when he collided with a party, name of Raoul Walsh. Recognizing the famed director, the Duke apologized, mentally allowing at the same time that he'd probably be drawing his final paycheck as of that afternoon. Then he noticed that Walsh was staring at him not in anger but with a curiously inventorying expression. Then, "Ever done any acting?" the director asked.

To which the big lunk replied that, except for small parts in high school plays, he hadn't, no, sir.

Well, had he ever thought of being an actor?

Flabbergasted at the very idea, the foolish fellow grinned and said, "No, *sir!*"

Well, what *had* he done? What did he want to do? Who the hell was he? Where from?

Well, sir, he was from Winterset, Iowa. Born there, that is, on May 26th of 1906. and christened Marion Michael Morrison. A good Irish family, his, if he did say it. "Lace curtain" Irish, so to speak. When he was five, his parents had moved to Lancaster, California, and there, on the edge of the Mohave Desert (did Walsh's eyes brighten, or did he only imagine it?) he'd gone to school sometimes on horseback but more often on foot.

Later, he'd attended the Glendale high school and after graduation entered UCLA where he'd enrolled in a pre-law course, and where Howard Jones, the celebrated football coach, had put him on as fullback of the freshman team. In two years Jones had, the fellow said trying to swallow his pride, a gridiron star.

But in his third year, due to being short of folding money, the Duke quit college and through a chance meeting with director John Ford got a job in the swing-shift gang at the Fox studios. Recently advanced to the property department, he seemed to come in handy hauling heavy furniture—concert grand pianos and the like—and various props, such as bits of Buckingham Palace and railroad sidings around the sets. Permitting himself a modest boast, he added that he'd got so he could throw an outcurve with a flat-top desk or a Duncan Phyfe table.

At this point director Walsh interrupted, "Let's see you walk," he said. Not sing or dance or recite Shakespeare or do an imitation of John Barrymore, mind you, but *walk*. Now, the Duke had heard tell that Hollywood biggies did some screwball things. This, so help him Hannah, was one of them. But, obliging, he walked across the stage while Walsh watched him, eyes out on sticks.

The next morning, at 9 a.m., Duke Morrison reported on stage No. 3 to co-star with Marguerite Churchill in "The Big Trail" under the direction of Raoul Walsh.

How come? Well, sir, the loping stride he'd acquired on the Mohave desert was, it seemed, exactly the gait Walsh wanted his hero in "The Big Trail" to have. So, incredibly, the lope that had covered first the desert, then gridiron miles now made in nothing flat the incalculable distance between a swing-shift gang and stardom.

Dropping the third person, the Duke grinned as he said, "The moral is that mine is not the story of a young man who dreamed of a screen career and worked hard to get it. It's a story of getting a break, such a break as might have happened to any long-legged laborer who had run into Raoul Walsh at that time. The long-legged laborer just happened to be me. Nothing, in other words, to get glamor-puss about.

"But what happens? The picture finished, the studio dreams up a publicity campaign for their new 'star.' They send me to New York where I, born in Iowa with a small amount of mileage on horseback to my credit, arrive in Grand Central, dressed in a leather suit, a modern Western hat (okay for Autry and Rogers, but *I* can't play a gee-tar!) and toting a squirrel gun in my hand. Through the

streets to the gawps and yawps of passers-by, I was paraded up to Central Park, where they put me on a white horse, with an English saddle (being out of Westerns) and told, 'Now, you come riding along, see, pass these cops and throw knives into trees like in the picture. Get it?' (To this day I'd hate like hell to meet one of those cops I rode past in Central Park and have him recognize me.)

"Well, picture being yourself in that set-up! You can't be. It's the kind of stunt that makes any fairly normal fellow seem an awful phony. It takes years to outlive such gags. How do you outlive them? Well, if your picture is a success, you don't. For if you are successful in this business, stay that way, and are a phony, they pull you to pieces and throw you away. Believe me when I say it's harder to be a phony in Hollywood than anywhere else in the world.

"But back in 1930 when I made 'The Big Trail,' times were tough, the picture was not a success, so no one cared whether I went around in a leather suit or a ballet costume, and no harm was done. I went along in a succession of routine pictures, none of which even Hollywood could blurb as 'sensational.'

"In 1938 I signed a contract with Republic Studios, was, in fact, in the very first picture Republic ever made, 'Westward, Ho.' A modest little hoss opera made for $17,000, it played first-run houses and earned a lot of money.

"I liked Westerns; still do. The Western is the best medium—being full of action, lots of riding, quickie meeting with the Girl ('Howdy, m'am,' and away again), full of motion—for telling a motion picture. In my mind, I divide Westerns and other types of pictures into two classes: the Western is an action film; others are reaction films. One takes a lot of fast riding; the other takes a lot of talent. So when, after a lot of Westerns, John Ford told me he wanted me for the lead in 'Stagecoach,' even though it meant the familiar loping stride and the lazy drawl again, I accepted, with the hope that if I made good in this one I'd get a chance to re-act for Ford later on. 'Stagecoach' won the Academy Award, and pretty soon Ford starred me in 'The Long Voyage Home.' Then Cecil DeMille directed me in 'Reap the Wild Wind' and pretty soon I was both acting and reacting pretty steady in such best-sellers as 'A Lady Takes a Chance,' 'The Spoilers,' 'Flame of the Barbary Coast' and so on.

"But from that day up in Central Park to this, I have steadfastly refused to go for phony gags. Way I figure it, if your picture is a success, you don't need them; if it's a flop you're safer in a hideout than on exhibition.

"Meantime in 1933, I got married and pretty soon Michael came along; then in short order, Toni, Patrick and Melinda. When you are plugging away at a career and have a house full of youngsters, you haven't much time for any but pretty basic things."

This seems to be as good a place as any to say that by the time this piece is being read John will probably be married to Esperanza Bauer, the vivid-looking, quiet-mannered Mexican girl, who is also under contract to Republic. With his



Esther Williams makes a lovely feminine Santa Claus, complete with reindeer and bag of toys.

aversion to the bad taste of discussing his private affairs for publication, John—except to say that he always has the children on Saturdays, takes them to the studio, to Ocean Park to do the concessions, to lunch and dinner—does not mention, let alone explain, a situation in which he is not the only one involved. Since he does not discuss it, neither can I—except to hazard the opinion that some of the best and most loyal-hearted of men do fall in love more than "once in a lifetime."

"So," John was saying, "I kept going, sort of ricochetting between my own lot, Republic, and others. Most recently, I worked in 'They Were Expendable,' for MGM and now, back at Republic again, in 'Dakota,' with Vera Hruba Ralston."

I said, "Are you glad you are an actor? Satisfied?"

"I am now," the Duke told me, "but it took me a long time to be glad; a longer time to be proud of the profession I virtually bumped into. A long time before I could hear myself classified as 'an actor,' without squirming. It was not, in fact, until I got to know a lot of great guys in this business, and know them well, that I could even meet an actor—having heard all the rumors—without misgivings. That's all changed now, of course. Pat O'Brien, a hell of a guy, is a pal of mine. Bob Montgomery, whom I met for the first time while we were making 'They Were Expendable,' is a wonderful fellow. Walter Brennan, working with us in 'Dakota,' is a man after any man's heart, and Ward Bond is one of my best and closest friends. So close, in fact, that he is 'Uncle Ward' to my four kids and they love him like an uncle.

"A short time ago, little Linda came to the studio one day to watch 'Uncle Ward' play a scene. 'Now, Linda,' I cautioned her, 'when you hear the camera whirring, no matter what happens, you must keep quiet.' Nodding that she understood, Linda sat there, scarcely breathing but, just as the cameras rolled and Ward walked into the scene, one of the characters in the picture cracked him over the head with a vase and, as he hit the floor, a small voice wailed, 'Oh, isn't that TURRIBLE!'

"The kids," John said, and looked happy saying it, "are pretty loyal to me, too. If they see a picture of mine, in which I kill somebody, they always say, defensively, '*We* know you didn't want to do that, Daddy. It's not your fault!' The kids and I," John added, even more happily, "are very close.

"Which reminds me that I also like being an actor, especially in pictures, because of the monetary rewards. Looking forward to the financial security of my children, picture money enables me to buy insurance and annuities that will make that security secure.

"I enjoy being an actor because, while a lot of people like golf, not everybody likes golf; a lot of people are musical or bookish or politically-minded but not everybody likes music, books or politics, whereas everybody goes to pictures once in awhile. So being in them makes you, so to speak, kin to people of all tastes, ages and kinds. I like that because I like people.

"Most actors, for that matter, like people more than other people. Perhaps because, knowing more about them, we understand them better. Going out on the PT boats, for example, while making 'They Were Expendable,' we got a chance to work with the Seabees to find out how they operate, what they think about, what makes with them. In Westerns, on locations, you find out how cowboys live—not just when they're dolled up in their fancy pants but the tough side of life on the range, too.

"I also find that most actors, when not given the phony treatment, are more natural than many men in less exhibitionistic professions. For every man and woman *is* an actor, more or less, some of the time. But we, who act for a living, get acting out of our systems and are ourselves, and glad to be, when work is done.

"And I can be proud of my profession because the picture business has grown up since I got into it fifteen years ago, has acquired a dignity that is beyond reproach. Hollywood is, today, a quiet town compared to other places I have been and can, moreover, be pretty proud of itself, having pushed more charities, given more time to selling war bonds and more talent to entertaining servicemen than any other town in any other part of the country.

"In this business as it is today, in this town as it is today, I can be myself—play golf, which I like to do, play cards (like bridge, think gin is a dull game, pinochle, I love), go to a party at Mrs. Jones' house if I feel like going, stay home if I don't. I can live as I wish to live—which is in a two-bedroom house on almost an acre and a half of land, minus formal gardens or anything of the sort—a house with lots of corners in it, where I can put my feet on a cobbler's bench and relax. I feel better in plain, folksy surroundings. I belong in them. Perhaps because," John said, with a grin, "there's nothing phony about them."

Strictly for Comedy

Continued from Page 29

dancing shoes, and appeared at the specified hour for the initial class.

Not many minutes had passed before the instructress was giving him fishy glances, and finally, patience exhausted, she exclaimed: "Look! You already know how to dance!"

"Sure," replied DeWolfe. "I ought to. I earned my living dancing for ten years."

"Then what are you doing here?"

Now, another guy in Billy's situation would have tossed the communiqué in the ash can right off with a firm "That's that." "Heck," says Billy, "it was a front office order. I'm not important enough to ignore a thing like that. Or maybe," he adds with a grin, "I just got used to obeying orders after twenty months in the Navy." But no guy like this ever happened to Paramount before—no comedian, anyway—and the result was mass swooning in the Paramount Studio streets.

"Anyhow," is the DeWolfe last word, "it was very interesting. It was *still* only the second dancing lesson I'd ever had in my life."

The first, it seems, occurred many years ago, when a young boy answered a chorus call for an "Artists and Models" show in New York City, and was almost scared off because he didn't know how to tap He was saved by a jolly, round-faced fellow who took him out in the alley. But that comes later. DeWolfe's theatrical career actually began on the stage of the Quincy Theater, in Quincy, Mass.

He'd always been stage-struck, probably from the time he was born unintentionally in Boston. Billy's parents were Welsh, but were visiting there at the time. It was only a matter of nine weeks, however, before they'd taken him back to Wales—Pwhelli, Wales, to be exact. And if you want to pronounce it, a hiccup followed by a sneeze should produce the correct result. But Massachusetts had apparently caught hold, so nine years later the family—Jones, it was, and not DeWolfe at all—returned. Mr. Jones, a bookbinder by profession, took out citizenship papers and settled down in the Boston suburb of Quincy.

Not so long after that young stage-struck Bill Jones began to assert himself. He got as near to being an actor as he could by ushering in the Quincy Theater for fifty cents a night, during which time he studied the acrobats and dancers on the stage, then spent what free time he had copying the acts in his school gymnasium.

The Jones were ardent Baptists and inclined to frown on Bill's unexpected theatrical manifestations, so they encouraged him to be a minister and sent him to the Methodist Church because it was nearer home. For a while, the Joneses hoped. Bill liked making speeches and leading Christian Endeavor, and "standing up there on the rostrum to give out with gestures." But the discouraging truth remained. When he should have been in church, Bill sneaked out to the theater to watch the acts rehearsing, then copied what he saw.

The Joneses' ministerial ambitions for their son were thoroughly nipped when the manager of Jimmy Connor's band, on the bill one week, saw young Jones practicing his routines backstage and asked if he was also on the bill. Bill Jones's excitement at this question almost overwhelmed him. He stopped everyone he knew for days after, to tell them he'd been mistaken for a professional performer. Besides which, the manager was impressed and signed him to a contract, while the theater manager, a former actor, threw in the advice, "You'll never be a success with a name like Bill Jones, young man! You'd better take my name instead." The manager's name was DeWolfe. And as for the ministerial ambitions, "I think it was only the ham coming out in me even then."

Billy traveled with the band for several months, doing acrobatic and eccentric dancing. When he decided he'd learned all he could from this experience, he quit, and struck out for New York, which led him to "Artists and Models" and the moon-faced guy in the alley, who said, "Don't worry. If you can do a time step, you can fake your way through the audition." Half an hour later, Billy had learned the step. He was duly grateful and asked the fellow's name. "Jack Oakie," was the answer, and Billy got the job in the show.

After five months in the last row of the chorus, however, the DeWolfe ham began to assert itself again. "I like to be out front," he grins. So he quit again, did a solo dancing act in vaudeville, then later teamed up with two Boston girls, Metcalf and Ford. This trio caught the interest of an English manager, George Foster, who booked them into the London Palladium. They'd hit the big time. Billed for only four weeks, the European jaunt lasted five long and exciting years, while they toured the entire continent.

"We were crazy kids," Billy reminisces, "but we had an awful lot of fun."

There was the time, for instance, when the three of them were riding in a crowded "lift"—elevator to you—and Billy announced in ringing tones, designed for the entire assemblage, "I can't believe that doctor knows what he's talking about. Where would I have gotten leprosy?" The lift was quickly cleared.

And the time they were traveling to Scotland in the same compartment with two timid English spinsters. "Just had a letter from my brother in Chicago," Billy advised his partners. "He got shot at again the other day." (Horrors and flutterings from the spinsters.) "He says," Billy continued, "he's getting sick of hitting the ground all the time, when the machine gunning starts. Afraid a new race of people is going to develop out there—people who live crawling on their stomachs." By this time the spinsters were ready to faint dead away.

During these years, too, Billy was developing a new act. He'd been doing "satiric impressions" of famous people and familiar types for his friends. They went over so well he tried them on the stage, where the reaction was tremendous. And when, at last, he returned to this country, he branched out on his own, doing a comedy act with dancing left out.

As master of ceremonies and doing his



The Navy makes a date: Bonita Granville and Eddie Ryan, romantic interest in "Breakfast in Hollywood," write it down in her appointment book. Comes the eventful hour, a corsage is produced and pinned on her shoulder with the appropriate dialogue.

Before and after





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impressions and imitations, he began a rigorous night club schedule. Toronto and Montreal, Boston, Philadelphia, and finally Miami Beach, which led directly to an engagement in Greenwich Village in New York City where his fame avalanched.

Billy's impersonation of a tired chorus girl doing a 2 a.m. floor show brought an orchid from Winchell and mention by every other columnist in town. This publicity brought fashionable New York downtown to see him, and it wasn't long before Billy had moved uptown, to the Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick, and then, almost before he could come out of the fog of wondering what hit him, the Rainbow Room, Radio City, absolute tops for any night club entertainer. Here all the theatrical and social celebrities in town flocked to see Billy do his routine, an impression of a complete third-rate night club floor show with Billy playing everything from m.c. to chorus. Here Gertrude Lawrence had a ringside seat night after night to see Billy's take-off of a Noel Coward play. And all of this, naturally, meant DeWolfe would eventually arrive in Hollywood.

This is exactly where Billy did arrive, but more "eventually" than he'd expected, due to a slight detour involving the aforementioned hitch in the Navy. This happened in an unusual way. Billy, with a Paramount contract in his pocket, was playing a final night club engagement at the Empire Room of Chicago's Palmer House. Each night he'd walk out on the floor, clad in white tie and tails, to be faced with an almost solid block of men in uniform. His draft number hadn't come up yet. He wasn't sure he'd be taken when it did, due to an arthritic condition he'd had for many years. But still it was getting so he burned with shame every time he entertained in tails for all those service guys, and his conscience got all twisted up with his act and gave him the Navy blues.

So it happened one day he was standing in a stamp line at the post office waiting to mail some letters. Next to him was another line leading to a Navy recruiting office. Billy looked at the recruiting line, blinked, and got in it instead. The next thing he knew he was in the Navy with the arthritis kept well under his hat. He was actually sworn into the service on the stage of the Chicago Theater, a performance designed to stimulate recruiting.

That was September, 1942, and out in Hollywood Paramount was holding up a picture, waiting for Billy's arrival. Due to the unusual nature of Billy's enlistment the Navy allowed him to make one picture before calling him for active duty. That picture, you may remember, was "Dixie" with Bing Crosby, in which Billy DeWolfe played *Mr. Bones*, Bing's rival in the Technicolor musical.

The picture finished, Billy reported at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where he reached the grade of Musician 2/c, organized entertainments and entertained himself. He toured in the Treasury Department's "Four Freedoms Bond Show," in which Victor Mature represented the Coast Guard, and they played in department stores all across the country.

"I used to boast," Billy says, "that I'd played the New York Hippodrome and the London Palladium. I never thought I'd be able to claim I'd played Bullock's in Los Angeles and Marshall Field's in Chicago."

And much to his amazement, his Navy address was printed in a movie magazine. Fan mail on "Dixie" began rolling in, which, in his spare time, he answered. This activity resulted in his commanding officer, one Eddie Peabody, groaning and tearing his hair, "You can't sit here and answer fan mail! This is the Navy!" Billy was sure it was something. He'd never gotten that much mail in civilian life.

About this time, after twenty months, Billy's arthritis began ganging up. He spent five months in a Navy hospital, terrorizing nurses from time to time with his realistic imitation of the Frankenstein monster. When the five months passed, a Navy doctor bawled him out for lying about the arthritis when he enlisted. "You didn't only lie to the Navy," the doctor said, "you lied to the government of the United States of America." Billy shuddered. Twenty years in the brig floated before his mind. "But," continued the doctor, "I'm sorry we have to discharge you. We can use men with your spirit." He shook Billy's hand, with the parting words, "And my advice to you, young man, considering your condition, is go to a milder climate. To California, for instance!"

"That's where I'm going," replied Billy weakly. And that's where he went, straight to Paramount, where, reports on "Miss Susie Slagle" and "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" being what they are, the fan mail in the DeWolfe post-Navy civilian life is in for a change.

Billy is not married, and on the clam-like side when the subject is pursued. He lives alone in a Hollywood apartment and at this writing, still does not boast a phone. If this 168-pound "black Welshman" needs to make a call, it involves a trip down to the subterranean garage, where the roar of cars coming and going makes conversation somewhat confusing. "What *is* going on in your apartment?" is the usual question from uninitiated friends. As for someone on the outside calling Billy! A carrier pigeon is more efficient.

Billy has to watch his diet to keep from putting on weight and feels that pictures have constantly conspired against him. He had to eat dozens of chicken legs in "Dixie" and stacks of spaghetti for a scene in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up." which meant all he got were tomatoes and a lettuce leaf for meals in between. His main diversion is going to the movies where he sits in the third row, "just like a kid."

He figures that so far in his life he's gotten just about everything he wanted and is duly grateful. He's settled down considerably from the "crazy kid" he was. But he remains suspicious—suspicious that he might, at any time, go off on a tangent. To guard against this happening, (he insists), he carries two unmailed letters in his pocket. With a twinkle in his eyes, he explains, "You see, I've never mailed them! Since I joined the Navy I've been afraid to go into a post office. Can't tell where it would land me!"



Citizen Welles

Continued from page 47

their man they decided. But Mr. Colman so the story goes, just didn't want to wear a beard. And it was very necessary to the plot that *Kessler* clutter up his visage with a brush. They gave a copy of the script to Claudette to read. "There's only one actor in Hollywood who can play *Kessler*," said Claudette with finality. "Orson Welles."

Orson read the script, liked the part, said he didn't mind wearing a beard, in fact he favored a beard, and returned to the screen after much too long an absence. While in Mexico, a country he likes very much, while Rita took lessons in bull fighting, he set about growing a beaver, and losing forty pounds.

On the set one day during the production of the picture Orson entertained me with a few magic tricks and talked about his baby daughter, Rebecca. When I asked him if he was going to raise her to be an actress like Mama and Papa, he said, "I want Rebecca to be what she wants to be. I wouldn't make a plan for a child. I'm going to raise her just as a child. No, no progressive education.

"I'm a great one with kids. I'm crazy about them. There are three who are now big successes on the screen, Peggy Ann Garner, Margaret O'Brien, and Elizabeth Taylor—all three friends of mine. I talked to Director Stevenson about the little Garner girl, I thought she had talent, and on my suggestion he gave her the rôle in 'Jane Eyre.'" (Peggy Ann promptly stole the picture right away from Welles).

"Best movie actors are animals," Orson continued. "And next are children. Children get nearer to being true and honest and that's the essential thing in movie acting. Older actors can learn a lot from children in their pictures. Greatest thing I have ever seen was a scene between Jack Barrymore and Virginia Weidler. Barrymore was drinking a cup of tea. Virginia was speaking her lines, and half way through her speech Jack raised his cup. Virginia said, 'Excuse me, Mr. Barrymore. You shouldn't do that during my speech.' Barrymore was terrified."

Orson did a scene, posed for a still, shook hands with a visiting fireman, and returned to me. He made two bits disappear (he can do better than that) and, egged on by me, talked about his ambitions. "When I was struggling to get ahead on the New York stage my ambition was to have a sandwich named after me at Reuben's. I did. It had a lot of ham in it, of course." (Orson affectionately refers to himself among his friends as The Great Ham). "I came in every night for years and ate one. Last year I dropped by Reuben's when I was in the East and ordered one. It's the worst sandwich you can eat there now."

Results of a poll recently found that thirty percent of the American people think that Orson Welles is slightly off his beam. "Of that," says Orson with a wry smile, "some liked the fact and others hated it. The public opinion of me is probably stronger than any figure in the entertainment world. People who are surest about me are those who don't like me. They have a definite opinion about me."

Whether they think him intelligent or nuts, thousands of people are urging Orson to run for the Senate this year. "I'm not going to run," says Orson, "for the excellent reason that I'm not the right candidate. I think a Marine—preferably a Marine hero—is a better man to stand up against the race hatreds and intolerances here in California than a man like myself who hasn't an Army record."

Orson is a great believer in adult education and public-consciousness. Ostriches annoy him no end. "Know what Pericles said?" he asked. I didn't. "Pericles said, 'We hold that man who takes no interest in the affairs of State as less than nothing!'"

I volunteered the information that I knew what Alexander Woollcott said, however, having recently read a book about him. Mr. Woollcott said, "Orson Welles is the most typical representative of the show people, but I don't think he will stay in any kind of show business all his life. He'll end up running a school."

School or Congress. Take your choice. But whether as a professor or a senator it's a safe bet that Orson will continue his career of disrupting die-hards, upsetting apple carts, and creating pandemonium. People will always love him, or hate him.

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This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 22

hard for us to accept as believable the atrocities that were committed by some of the Germans and some of the Japanese.

But you cannot generalize about a nation. You cannot truthfully say that all Germans or all Japs are evil. Perhaps nearly all of those living in Germany now were Fascists. But certainly there were—there are good Germans—people like Thomas Mann and Franz Werfel and the wonderful German woman who began working on the secret of the atomic bomb. It is interesting that it was a woman who first got the theory and that woman a German. So the Germans' own theories of their racial supremacy helped lose the war for Germany. For that woman was a Jewess, thrown out of Germany. If it hadn't been for Germany's racial theories, the Germans might have succeeded in working out the atomic bomb first.

I have met and talked to people all over the world, from Maine to Java, and I believe that human nature is the same everywhere, and I believe that people all over the world are very much alike, and that they are good if properly led. People want only to eat, live and be left alone. Even the Japanese were content to live like that till we opened up the Japanese islands about 90 years ago and made them start trading with us.

Education. I believe that the Japs and the Germans can be re-educated. I believe that anything can be done by proper education. Education is arrived at through mistakes, sometimes through fire and blood and cannot always be achieved in one generation. But education is effective, whether it is for good or evil. Look at what the Fascists did in twenty years with their education for evil.

I believe that education should be free all over the world; that it should be compulsory up to a certain age, and that beyond that age anyone who seeks knowledge should be allowed to go to school or college, free of charge.

I believe that young people should be educated in arts, in dancing and in literature. I believe in this so fervently that one year I contributed to the University of California for Medical Research; this year I contributed $10,000 to a great university in Palestine for scholarships in painting, writing and dancing. I believe that everyone who has talent in the arts should be given an opportunity to develop it. And you can see I really believe it, for I'm laying down cash on the line to support that belief. Each year I try to help education for the arts in some different way. Next year I hope to hold a contest for painters in the colleges of America to be judged by great professional artists.

Perhaps I believe so fervently in education because I didn't have the privilege of going to college when I was a youngster. Because I had to work for a living from the time I was fourteen, I had only one year of high school. I have since taken entrance examinations for UCLA and have taken many of its courses. If I were not an actress, I should like to be a student, perhaps a teacher.

I believe in learning something new every day. When I learn something new, I feel as if I were growing. But the joy I feel is not just in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the effort you have to make to learn new things. The effort is worth the work; the work is worth the effort.

With all my heart I admire a woman I know who can speak Anglo-Saxon, not merely read Beowulf and the early Anglo-Saxon writers but speak as they did, our earliest English tongue.

I believe in learning new things as a sort of fascinating mental exercise, just as I believe in physical exercise when I am tired. Many people nap when they're tired, but I would hate to—that would seem to me like wasting precious time.

Immortality. I have no opinion on personal survival. I believe that nothing is ever completely destroyed. Even on Hiroshima, where the atomic bomb was said to sear all living things, there were fragments left. These fragments will combine



Nothing could be more lovely than this Gainsborough pose of Paulette Goddard, left. At right, before her transformation in the title rôle of Paramount's "Kitty."

with other fragments to form new things. Matter is indestructible; it changes form.

I have no opinions on whether or not there is an after life, a hell or a Heaven. I have seen no ghosts; beheld no manifestations. I do not believe in ghosts, and will not believe in them till one scares me to death (which I frankly think will never happen). If there were such things as ghosts and disembodied spirits, I do not believe that they would have any effect on human beings. I have never had any strange psychic experiences.

Death. I have no clichés to offer about life or death. The instinct for self-survival is the strongest, as we all know. I am grateful to be alive. I have a sense of appreciation for everything, the big things and the little things—but most of all the little things. I am grateful for good health, for a nice day when the sun's out, for a cup of coffee in the morning when I want it.

Because none of us knows when death will come, I believe in doing what you want when you want to, so long as you don't hurt other people.

War. I cannot agree with those people who feel that war is a punishment for mankind's sins, visited by God on his erring children. I feel that war is a matter of cause and effect; that dear old mankind brings war on itself.

Fatalism. Theoretically, I am a realist, not a fatalist. My mind tells me that fatalism is foolish. My emotions and feelings are all in the direction of fatalism.

But logically, I believe that you lead yourself toward your destiny. Your fate depends to a large extent on how you use, direct or dissipate your energies. I believe that concentrated energy along any line gets results. Dissipated energy gets results along the lines of self-destruction. To a large extent, your fate is in your own hands. We can all think of painters gifted with great talent, who destroyed their talent and themselves by dissipating their energies.

Thomas Hardy used to show his characters as being completely the victims of their environment. Environment counts tremendously, it is true. But you usually have some choice as to what you should do within your environment. The girl I play in "Diary of a Chambermaid" is an example of a girl who carves out her own destiny or at least leads herself to it by her decisions. Because of her environment and her lowly station, she is treated very badly by men, who feel free to make all kinds of advances to her. She gets so fed up on this she says, "No more love for *Celestine*" and decides to use people as they have used her. She goes about doing this. But of course she falls madly in love; her house of cards falls around her head, and she realizes her life was meant for love.

Happiness. For happiness, you need work and good health. Most individuals are happier working. Some people are miserable and don't know why they are—usually it's because they have no job, no responsibility to a group of people. Work is a balance wheel. Of course, I'm not excluding home women from the people who work, since some of them work 24 hours a day. But the drones in human society are nearly always unhappy. If you can do work you like, that's a bonus. If



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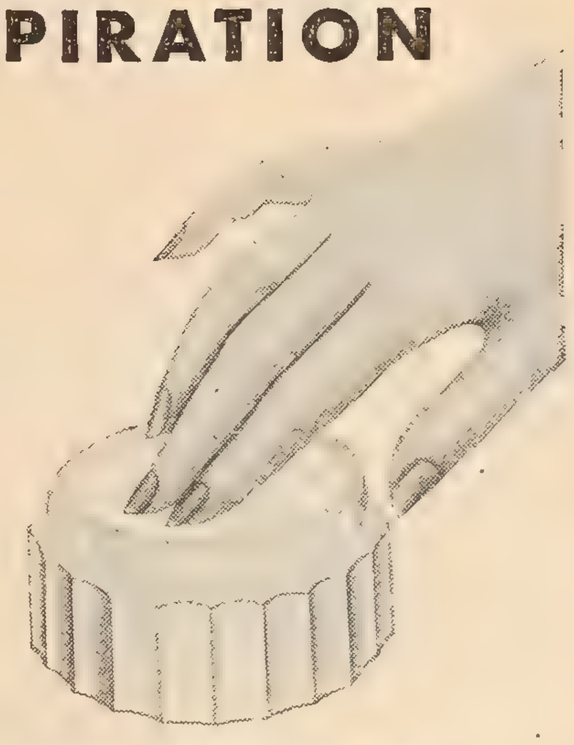
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you're in work you don't like, you should try to get into something you will enjoy. But I think people are wrong in imagining that if they were very wealthy, they'd find happiness in idleness. I have never known anyone who has.

Love. Love certainly has been popular for a long time—and so has marriage. Most women desire a home and children, and in this year 1946 you have to be married to have children or you're not socially acceptable.

For most women a career alone would not bring happiness. Your career should be your avocation and your life your vocation, whether it's your home life, your love life or what have you. Home life should come first, ahead of careers.

Marriage. Happy marriages are, I think, the result of a partnership, in which neither the man nor the woman is the boss, but in which both have their hands on the reins. Yet if sacrifices are in order, it is up to the woman to contribute to them; it is up to her to keep the marriage going.

It helps if you can adjust yourself to any kind of living conditions. I think I can. I have no habits that I have to conform to. "You are the easiest person to get along with," Burgess Meredith, my husband, said to me, "because you have no habits." That's true. When I'm working, I may have to get up and go to bed at certain hours, but those are not habits. I wouldn't get up at those hours if someone didn't call me.

The acid test of a two-career marriage is supposed to be working together. Well, I think Burgess and I have passed that acid test. We love working together. I would rather work with Burgess than without him. He is playing the part of a man of 70 in "Diary of a Chambermaid" because he wanted to play a small part in the picture—as the producer, he didn't want to play a larger rôle. Later on, we hope to make a picture together in England, and we know it'll be fun working together again.

Children. Woman's heritage is to have children. Nothing is more important to women.

Children are fascinating. I would rather be with children than with grown-ups. You know where you stand with children; they are so direct and they don't hide anything, whereas grown-ups put up a façade. I learn from children all the time. They are irresistibly comic, and I would far rather listen to a child telling a story than to a grown-up going into what he thinks is a very funny anecdote. The grown-up's anecdote is much more artificial. Children make me laugh loudly and spontaneously. One 6-year-old girl, Linda, came to visit me, and my dog got hold of her shoes. When I found the shoes again, the dog had chewed up the strap of one shoe. Looking at the weary remains of that strap, I had to laugh; then I apologized to Linda for laughing. A grown-up would have said, "Oh, it's all right. It doesn't matter." But Linda burst out frankly, "It's very well for you to laugh but he shouldn't have done it. He shouldn't have done it." Only a child would be so frank.

Perhaps the world would be better off if we were all as frank and forthright as children. There would be no need for secret treaties, for solemn round table conferences. But grown-ups have been taught not to wear their hearts on their sleeves. Sometimes I think it's a pity. Just think what a wonderful world this would be if we were all as open and above-board as children.

Success. I know of no rules for success except to keep healthy and to concentrate your energy on the purpose you want to achieve. A little talent with a lot of concentration may get you farther in the long run than a lot of talent combined with dissipated energy.

Friendship. Actresses often receive letters asking the eternal question, "How can I win friends?" Little Susie is lonely; has no friends, and wonders why Margie wins friends so easily. The answer I'd give Susie is that she should be genuinely interested in other people. Many older people have circles of friends around them and spend their declining years surounded by friends. That's because they're genuinely interested in other people and have warmth and affection and kindness. People need to have someone genuinely interested in them; they recognize that quality, want it and are drawn to the people who have it.

Decisions. I can't advise anyone else how to make decisions. I make them spontaneously. I believe in following hunches and instincts, because I believe the basic instincts of people are good, unless they are taught badly. If I make a decision spontaneously, I'm usually right. If I think about it, then I'm sure to make the wrong one.

Worries. My mother never lets anything bother her. She is famous for this quality. She hasn't led an easy life. She has had troubles and illnesses but she has never worried about anything. And I think I follow her example. I don't worry about things. I try to fix 'em if they can be fixed—I get to work on 'em—and exit worry.

If a worry can't be fixed, there's no use worrying about it, because there's nothing you can do. If it can be remedied, I believe in going after it immediately and setting it to rights. My mother's attitude, it seems to me, is a very healthy one. It eliminates a lot of unnecessary fussing.

To sum up my beliefs, I believe that people are basically good except when they are misled; that people are essentially the same all over the world, though their morals differ with their geographical location, environment and education; and that the best way to accomplish either good or evil in the world is through education. Hitler believed that any lie would be believed if it was repeated often enough; I believe that any truth will be believed, if it is repeated often enough. I believe that life is largely a matter of cause and effect. If you put together a certain combination of foods in a certain way, you'll get a certain dish; if you put together talent and concentration of energy, you'll accomplish certain desirable results. Take the same ingredients you use in a soufflé and throw them out of the window and there will be no delectable soufflé. Take a great talent and dissipate it and the results will be disastrous. So in the final analysis, what you do with your abilities is largely up to you.

Gal Producer

Continued from page 27

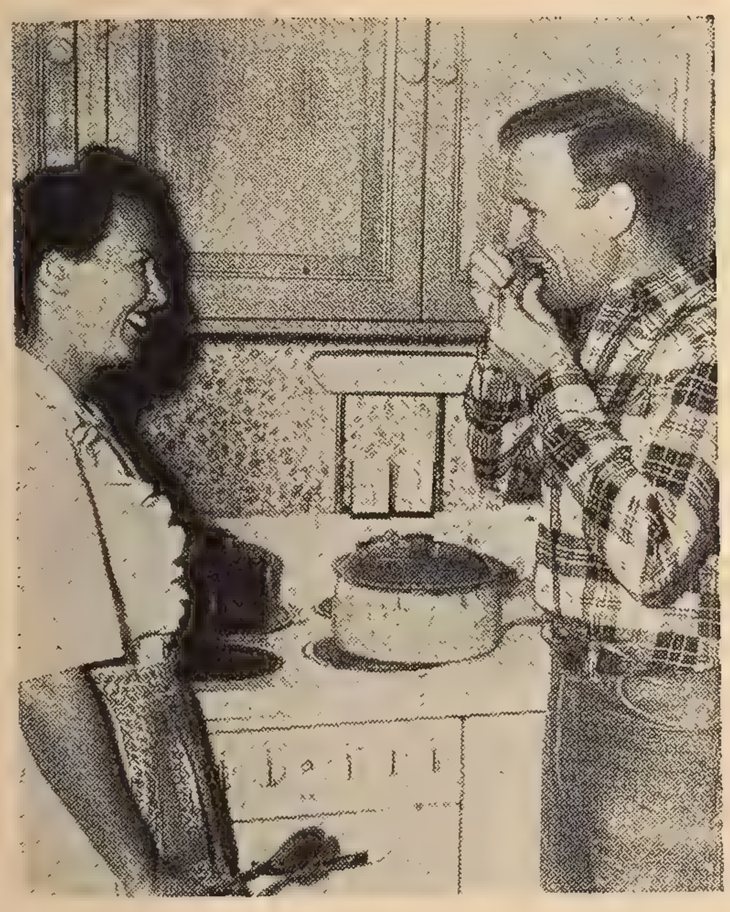
one thing and another it soon became apparent she was not the Shirley Temple of her day and she was retired to the more prosaic atmosphere of kindergarten. During the next few years she manifested her talent for leadership by ruling the neighborhood gang of boys and girls with a small but firm hand. Her dictatorship was absolute and when she did her daily practice stint on the piano there was one small boy who always sat meekly on the bench beside her, not because he admired her musical talents but because the boss wanted company.

When the Parsons gals moved to New York, Harriet met the Broadway and Hollywood personalities her mother wrote about and at the age of twelve she wrote and sold her first story, an interview with George Beban, Jr., son of a then famous movie star. It was intoxicating to see her name in print so she started making plans for her future, with emphasis on the literary angle.

As a Junior at Horace Mann School, across the street from Columbia University, Harriet was editor of the school paper and in her senior year became president of student government. She was getting somewhere with her literary talents, too, and won the annual prize for the best original short story.

By the time she finished four hectic years at Wellesley, she'd been, successively, correspondent for the New York Telegraph, covering film exchanges in Boston, art critic for a paper called Art News, stage manager and director of plays for Zeta Alpha, the Wellesley Dramatic Society, a big gun in the staging of the annual Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, lyric writer of the class and crew songs, and a varsity basketball team member.

She dropped the newspaper job when she discovered railroad fare to Boston and lunches exceeded the space rates paid her. She couldn't conscientiously keep the art critic job because what she knew about the subject could be put



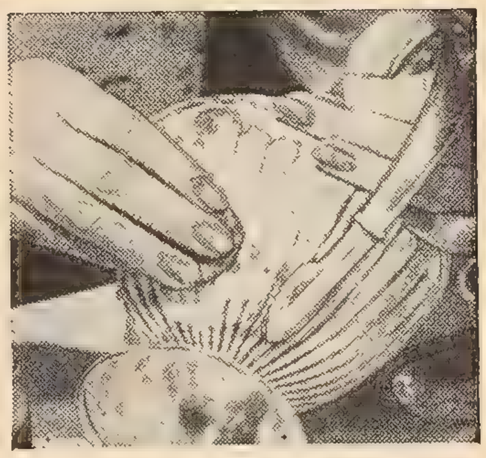
Gene Autry, now a civilian affer service with Army Air Force, samples his wife's culinary art.

"*The Hand* of little employment hath the daintier sense" — *William Shakespeare*



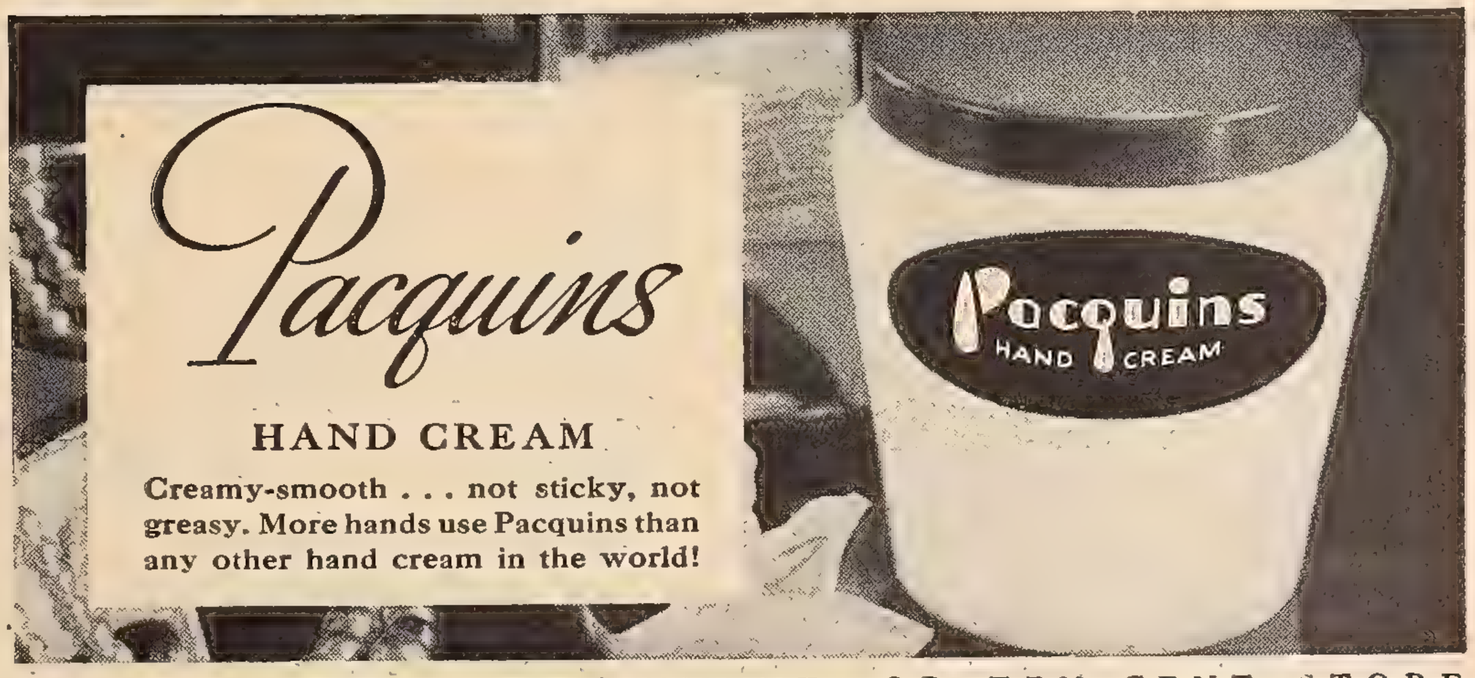
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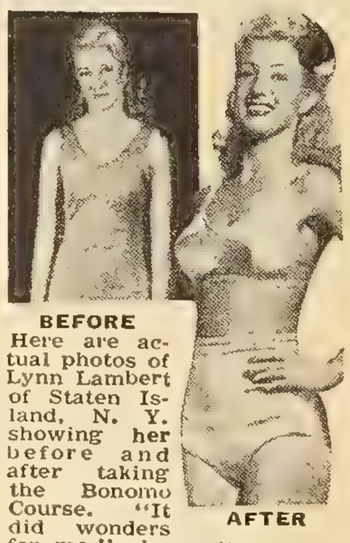
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on the end of a paint brush. The theatrical project was more successful since one of the actresses whom she directed went on to Broadway. She's Elspeth Eric, who played the mother in the play "Snafu" last year.

Harriet acquired some culture and had lots of fun on a student tour of Europe after graduation from Wellesley. She almost decided to become a starving novelist in some Paris garret but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered her a junior writer contract. She accepted because she figured she could realize her literary ambitions and eat too. Well, she ate, but Metro just didn't seem to have any scripts they wanted her to write. She waited for the big opportunity, whiling away her days playing Russian Bank with Bess Meredyth and Dorothy Parker.

Six months was enough of that nonsense so she trekked back to New York and got a job with a movie magazine, tending switchboard, writing beauty hints and advice to the lovelorn, being answer man, and filling in on almost any job. Within a year she was a staff writer with a byline and had just been made an associate editor when a bout of pneumonia sent her back to California.

In Hollywood she made very tidy sums as a free-lance writer. She had a nose for good stories and the tenacity of a bulldog when she was after someone hard to get. She once trailed the elusive Greta Garbo for twenty-four hours straight to get a story, complete with pictures she shot with a Brownie. The *Thin Man* couldn't have done a better job of undetected tracking.

Then Harry Cohn, boss of Columbia Pictures, offered Harriet the job of producing his star newsreel, "Screen Snapshots," and she became the first woman producer since way back in silent days, when Lois Weber made Hollywood history by tackling a job which had always been regarded as man's work.

It was pretty rough at first because Harriet knew nothing of the technical mysteries of her new trade. Luckily, the men she worked with liked the boss-lady and were willing to show her the ropes. Being a perfectionist, Harriet wasn't satisfied until she had mastered every detail connected with making the one-reel "Screen Snapshots." She learned how to write, produce, direct, and edit shorts by actually doing it and while she was learning, turned out a finished subject every four weeks. Just so she wouldn't have any idle moments, she continued her feature stories for a newspaper syndicate, had a radio show of her own, and occasionally took over for her mother on her radio show and movie column.

As long as Harriet was at Columbia she never got used to the uninhibited manner in which her boss, Harry Cohn, carried on business conferences with her. Spying her on the sidewalk below his second story office, he would open his window and shout questions and instructions to her.

By the time Harriet had produced over a hundred "Screen Snapshots" she was thoroughly inoculated with the production bug and wanted to do feature length pictures. She signed a producer-director-writer deal with Republic to make a series of shorts, but with the proviso that she could also make full length movies. In 1941, after she wrapped up eight shorts called "Meet the Stars" in six months, she sold the studio on an original Judy Canova-Joe E. Brown comedy called "Joan of Ozark." It was corny and full of gags and it made Republic a pot of dough.

Harriet was convinced she could make a picture that would be both artistic and box-office, but she didn't get to first base with the idea at the home of the horse operas. They don't care out there whether a picture's artistic—they just want it to be box-office.

Then RKO beckoned to her and she dug up "The Enchanted Cottage," which the studio had forgotten it owned. The success of the picture proved her point—that an artistic picture can make money. It also proved that a woman can turn out just as good pictures as a man.

Women practically have to walk a tight rope in a man's world, though. Tears, temperament, and fragile femininity won't wash. Neither will being "just one of the boys" get over. Men like to have the women they're working with *be* women. They like to help a gal into her coat, open doors for her, and generally show a little chivalry but they don't want her to take advantage of it. And they'll respect the boss, male or female, if the boss is worthy of respect.

Ambitious women can hold down lots of important jobs in studios. A girl won the Academy Award for her film editing job on "Wilson." Many film editors become directors and many producers are former directors. Secretaries have become writers and writers often turn producers. Several actresses are now producing pictures because they used their brains as well as their glamor.

Most of all, though, Harriet believes women must be willing to work harder than men in the same jobs to overcome the popular conviction that the femmes just can't stand the gaff. And don't think producing isn't hard work, lots of worry, and big responsibility. Translating millions of dollars and a covey of important stars into a successful picture is the stuff nightmares, not dreams, are made of.

When Harriet used to have a little leisure she was an enthusiastic hobby rider. Usually she concentrated on one at a time and pursued it with all her considerable energy until exhausted. Then she would take up another and follow a like routine. For a while it was tennis, then badminton, riding, bowling, gardening, photography, cooking, and knitting. Her colored 16 mm. movies, taken on a trip to Canada, swamped the Eastman labs for months. Later she relentlessly photographed everybody and everything within range with a flashbulb camera. Before she took up cooking she hardly knew how to turn the stove on, but once she started mastering the art she produced things like chicken curry with all the trimmings. Bar-tending is her specialty. Once she tried to get the recipe for a rum concoction from its originator, but failing that she experimented for two years and finally reproduced it. She tackles everything with the same passion for perfectionism that she devotes to her job.

Harriet has seldom been without a dog. At one time she had five, of assorted breeds. She named her present pooch, a miniature black French poodle, Chico, named after the hero of "Seventh Heaven," who called himself "a very remarkable fellow." That's the title of her next picture, which will star Cary Grant.

In dealing with such attractive members of the opposite sex as Mr. G., the gal producer can't be susceptible, arch, or coy. Although she may fully appreciate their charms, it's the impersonal, businesslike approach that gets those producer credits on the screen.

Harriet isn't exactly a hermit, nor is she a social butterfly. She's apt to groan slightly at the prospect of going to a party but always has fun when she gets there. She saves up her social obligations for Christmas Eve and invites half the town in for eggnog and a buffet supper. The only reason she doesn't invite the other half is because there isn't room enough in her house.

She doesn't offer any set formula for other women who aspire to become producers and feels that although chances are slim for the fair sex they aren't hopeless. Background and experience, a creative and critical mind, shrewd knowledge of entertainment values, and the will to work all help. And don't forget, it comes in handy to start early, preferably around the age of five.

Head in the Clouds, Feet on the Ground

Continued from page 49

meets up with some civilians who are pretty sharp operators. He finds himself confused and bewildered when he gets involved, through circumstances beyond his control, in a murder mystery. He is steadied by the friendship of the philosophical taxi driver (Paul Lukas). In a way, their rôles in the picture parallel their mutual relationship behind the cameras.

Bill's short (so far) acting career isn't the culmination of dreams of a movie-struck youngster. He went into it for purely practical reasons.

"I always wanted to be an engineer," he said. "That's what I studied at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Then I looked around at some of the fellows who graduated ahead of me. They were working mighty hard and making very little money. Even the older men around 35 (practically with one foot in the grave, from Bill's point of view!) were only making $300 a month. That seemed to be tops.

"Well, frankly, I want more money than that. Do you know what for? I want to see this whole world, not from a train or airplane or on a Cook's tour, but in a car with a congenial pal."

(You don't suppose that means Barbara, do you?)

"That's the only way to see the world—every nook and cranny of it. It takes money to do things like that, and to get the most out of it, you have to do it while



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you're young and peppy enough to enjoy it. That's why I want money—and quick!

"So it looked to me as though acting was less work and paid more money than engineering. After graduation, I got a chance to do exhibition swimming, and I took it. Swimming is good training for acting. It gives you timing and co-ordination. You learn how to conserve energy until you need it. It was while I was swimming that I got a chance to go into a dancing act with the Municipal Opera Company, in St. Louis. They were looking for a blond boy, and when they asked me if I wanted to join, it was okay with me. We did adagio and ballet."

At the end of the second season, Bill organized his own stage act with four boys (including himself) and a girl. The act was very successful. They toured here and abroad, giving a command performance for the royal family while in London.

Leaving England on the last boat before war broke out in 1939, they returned to tour the United States, and opened at Earl Carroll's in Hollywood on Christmas Day, 1942. While there, Bill studied celestial navigation, and finally left the act to become a shuttle pilot for Consolidated Airlines. From that he was called for Army service, but when an old spinal injury began to interfere with his duties there, he was given a medical discharge.

Then it was time, Bill thought, to really take stock and get going on a definite career. "I needed money when I got out of the Army," he said. "A girl I knew said, 'Why don't you try to get in pictures?' It sounded like a good idea to me. So I hunted up an agent, read for him, he liked me and started to peddle me."

As simple as that. For Bill, that is.

Yes, going into movies was just a matter of getting hold of the most dollars and cents in the least possible time. No stardust in his eyes, no great acting urge to express. Just a healthy, youthful desire to get the most out of life while he can put the most into it.

But don't get the idea that Bill regards acting as a cinch. Far from it. He thinks it's easier than engineering, but not easy. And Bill's not the type to slough off anything. Whatever he does, he wants to do well. Not only wants to, but will. You can bank on that.

"I like acting," he says, "and I want to be a good actor. I can't act now, I know that. But I will. Give me five years or so, and I'll be an actor, because I've made up my mind to be. When I make up my mind to do something, nothing stops me—*nothing!* Mr. Pereira (Bill Pereira, RKO producer) says, 'Luck is preparedness meeting up with opportunity.' I'm getting the opportunities, and it's up to me to make myself ready for them."

"And how are you going to do that?"

"By keeping my eyes and ears open, and my mouth shut. I'm going to listen to the people who know—like Lukas."

Hollywood only recently found out how well Bill *can* keep his mouth shut, when the news leaked out that he had just been divorced from a wife nobody (not even his studio) knew he had! Bill considers the whole matter strictly his own business, and all he will say on the subject is that the marriage, which took place several years back when he was on tour, was washed up a long time ago, the recent



Maybe only birds were meant to fly! That seems to be what is bothering Ann Sothern in this scene from MGM's "Up Goes Maisie."

divorce being just a matter of finishing up unfinished business. And he doesn't see why anybody even cares. All he's interested in now is learning to be a good actor. Well, perhaps not quite all. For Barbara Hale certainly doesn't belong on any list of things that do *not* interest Bill Williams.

"Everything I do is natural—so they tell me," Bill continued.

"Childish, even!" teased Barbara.

"Sure, I'm childish," said Bill, poking his fist in the general direction of Barbara, and throwing her one of those irresistible smiles, "and I want to stay that way. I don't want to pick up any of the tricks."

"Any particular kind of parts you're ambitious to play?"

"Nope. I just want to do any kind of part that comes along, and do the best I can with it."

Bill was running down, but Barbara, who had kept still as a mouse and listened intently (having been warned beforehand that this was Bill's interview and she must keep quiet) now had some ideas that were bursting to be said. And why not? For these two kids think and work together so closely that whatever one says goes for the other, too.

"I think one thing that's awfully hard, when you're starting in this business," said Barbara earnestly, "is to know whom to listen to. Everybody starts giving you advice, and each person will say, 'Don't pay any attention to what that person says. Do what I say.' What I've decided is that you should listen to everybody. You can get some good out of what nearly everybody tells you, but you can't swallow what anybody says just hook, line, and sinker. You have to sift the different ideas, decide for yourself which ones apply to yourself and your own circumstances, and let the rest go."

Pretty straight thinking to come out of such a young and pretty head. But that's the way these kids are figuring things out. The indications are that they intend to show the world that careers and marriage can be successfully blended, and the chances are that they will. They're

constantly analyzing their own, as well as other people's experiences, trying to find out why some succeed and others don't. And they've come to some pretty sensible conclusions about the do's and don't's of a movie career.

"I think one thing a newcomer should definitely not do," said Barbara, "is to try to be like some other big star. Some seem to think that because they have some resemblance to Katharine Hepburn or Clark Gable or some other big name, the thing to do is to emphasize the resemblance. But that's the very worst possible way to get ahead in movies. And another thing I've seen some girls do to get attention is to go in for some outlandish color or style in clothes, just any kind of stunt to attract attention. Maybe it works for some people, but I don't believe it does for many. The very best general rule, I think, is to be natural. Be yourself."

This started Bill off again. "Another thing," he said, "a lot of kids I know run around with a lot of different girls, one girl after another." He shook his head and made a thumbs down gesture. "That's not good. And some of them waste a lot of time and money and energy running around to night clubs. We're not night clubbers."

Barbara put in a correction: "He's not. I am. Or I would be, if I ever got a chance to go," she added, with a mischievous twinkle.

"Listen!" exclaimed Bill, leaning toward her. "Some time when we're not working, I'll take you to night clubs. We'll go to so darned many you'll never want to see one again."

"Good!" said Barbara. "I'll count on that!"

They're two healthy, attractive kids, bubbling over with good spirits and fun. But they're serious as all get-out about this career business—and business is just what it is to them. Unlike many their age, they understand the importance of health. No late hours or other unhealthful routines on their program.

Between pictures is no time to let down for them. That's when they map out a schedule and stick to it. They're working regularly with Lillian Albertson, RKO dramatic coach, notwithstanding Paul Lukas' views about studying dramatics. What Barbara said about taking all advice with a little salt goes for Bill, too. They want to learn all they can from anybody who has anything to teach them. And Miss Albertson has plenty.

They're studying dancing, they have a daily work-out at the studio gym, and they practice ice skating. Their favorite recreation is movies, and it's not strictly recreation, either. They go to see how the experts do it, what they can learn from them.

The reason you should start thinking of Bill and Barbara as a team is that they'll appear together very soon in "Tomorrow Is Here," which is the first starring picture for both. It's a rehabilitation picture about a soldier who comes out of the war crippled, and the problems he has to work out.

"Swell story!" says Bill. And two swell kids to play it. With their heads in the clouds and their feet firmly on the ground, how can they miss?

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Meet Marc Platt

Continued from page 38

"Everything had happened so fast, it was hard to believe I was actually here," Marc went on. "From the train I was rushed to the hotel, then to the studio where I was told to report for rehearsal the next morning. That, plus the fact that Ted, he's my son, had arrived just sixteen days before, left me a little dazed. Then, too, I knew it would be months before Eleanor and Ted could join me."

It was exactly three months before the Platt family was reunited in Hollywood. The scarcity of time and houses had delayed the reunion. Marc had been working six days a week since he arrived and houses were hard to find.

We were talking in a small office on the Columbia lot where Marc had just finished his daily ration of rehearsal on "Tars and Spars." The phone rang insistently and while Marc answered it we took time out to make a few mental notes. We liked his friendliness, his enthusiasm for living, the fact that he believes in "taking your work seriously but not yourself." He's tall (5 feet 11 inches), "rugged" and red-headed. He's had his ups and downs but it hasn't shattered his belief in himself nor the world. In fact, he's just like the guy next door or your young brother—an all-American guy.

"Somehow, I never have been able to relax when it comes time for me to go on," he admits. "If my 'barometer,' that's what I call the butterflies in my stomach, doesn't work, it's a sign that I'm not projecting. I guess that's a hold-over from my years on the stage where it's now or never and when the curtain goes up you're on your own.

"I remember that sinking feeling I had the day I sprained my ankle. It was the day before I was to do the solo dance in "Tonight and Every Night" that gets me a job in the show with Rita Hayworth and Janet Blair. The nurse in the studio hospital notified our director, Victor Saville, who sent back a message saying I wasn't to worry. They could shoot around me for a while. Of course, that's exactly what I did—worry. About how the accident would affect my work in the picture, how long it would be before I could dance and do those flying leaps! In four weeks I was back at work with a tightly taped foot. I did the dance with only four takes. Maybe that game foot brought me luck," he added.

How come, we inquired? It was this way. Marc sprained his ankle (the other one) during the tryouts out of town for "Oklahoma!" If it didn't heal by opening night he was out of a job. As a last resort that afternoon Marc went to the doctor to see if there wasn't something he could do. Finally, the doctor said Marc's foot could be anesthetized a half hour before curtain time. It worked!

Most spectacular dance in "Oklahoma!" is the ballet in the first act which tells the story of the show. In this the hero, *Curly*, danced by Marc, and the villain have a fight. *Curly* is hurled seven feet across the stage, a feat which left the audience gasping. "A very satisfactory reaction," recalls Marc, "particularly that first night."

That determination to do what he started out to do is characteristic of Marc who decided what he wanted to be when he was 12. He wanted to act and he wanted to get in pictures. However, it was quite by accident that he became a dancer. Marc, who was born Marcel Emile Gaston Leplat, in Pasadena, December 2, 1913, moved to Seattle with his parents, Maurice and Henrietta Lemuth Leplat, in 1922. His father, a concert pianist born in France and educated at the Paris Conservatory, died shortly thereafter.

Mary Ann Wells, director of a dancing school and friend of the family, suggested to Mrs. Leplat that Marc run errands for her after school. But we'll let Marc tell the story:

"Mother thought that was a fine idea. She wouldn't have to worry about my getting into trouble between the time I got out of school and she came home from work. I went to work the next afternoon. There was a cute blonde," Marc recalled, "age 11, in the ballet class. I thought if I joined the class I'd make some headway in her affections.

"Two weeks later I told Miss Wells I thought I could do what they were doing in Blondie's class. She let me try. About the time I decided I liked ballet dancing, Miss Wells confided to mother that in her opinion I had talent. However, I was fickle at that age, forgot the blonde for a redhead and my career. I'd made up my mind to be an actor via the dancing route. For seven years I took a lesson six days a week."

About this time, danger brought a bit of drama into Marc's orderly, normal school life. One afternoon a man tried to kidnap Marc but the principal appeared at the crucial moment and caught the man. Marc says the episode made him king-pin around the school for the rest of the week and admits he was quite impressed himself.

After graduating from Broadway High, he got a job on a car wash rack blowing hot air over wet cars and wiping off the doors. This netted him the magnificent sum of three dollars a day. At the same time he continued with his dancing lessons and took the lead in "Little Old Boy" at the Repertory Playhouse in Seattle. To date that is his favorite rôle. Shortly after he landed a job as a motorcycle dispatcher for a tire company which left him with a love of motorcycles.

Still no nearer to Hollywood, Marc read that Colonel de Basil's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo was coming to Seattle. He decided a job with the ballet would take him one step farther in his career. One morning he presented himself at the stage door of the auditorium and asked for an audition. He got it.

"I was just as scared that day as the day I landed in Hollywood. Here was a new hurdle; a step nearer my goal—pictures. On top of my usual attack of butterflies, I woke up with the flu. My legs

were wobbly, my head felt heavy—in short, I felt lousy, but I couldn't back out," Marc went on. "All I can remember was I was accepted, and the next day left on a tour of the United States."

While no one in his family had ever been connected with the stage or motion pictures, his parents' musical careers prepared Marc for the life of a dancer and actor. He'd traveled up and down the west coast and in Canada with them. By the time he was twelve, he knew the long hours of rehearsing that went into a finished performance. He knew the hard work and tough breaks along the road to success.

It was in London several seasons later that Marc met his first Hollywood personality, Edward G. Robinson. Mr. Robinson attended the ballet and the reception that followed. Marc was so pleased at meeting someone from the industry he hoped to one day work in, that it completely eclipsed his meeting King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Marc again met Their Majesties at a private party in London where he danced with the Queen. He says he can't remember what he said or what she said, but apparently they got along fine.

After three years with Col. de Basil, he joined Leonide Massine's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. It was while with that troupe in London in 1938 that Marc met his future wife, Eleanor Marra. An English girl born in Shanghai, Eleanor had rejoined the company that season.

Long after Mr. Robinson was back in Hollywood, Marc carried the picture of a successful Hollywood actor in his mind. He and Eleanor would talk of their future together and their plans for his career as they traveled through Europe. Every chance they had they went to American movies.

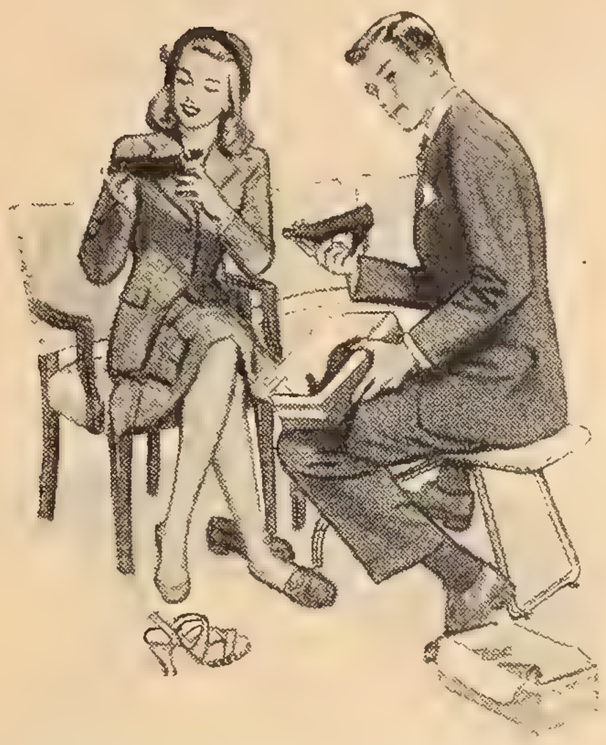
As Marc says, "I was a lucky guy. My career and my romance went along hand in glove. With Eleanor in the same company we were able to see Europe together, work together and spend our leisure together. Name another couple who had it so smooth!" We couldn't.

Marc regrets not keeping a diary of his seven years with the ballet. Of the time he lost his putty nose just as he was about to plunge his saber into the heart of the heroine, during the final performance in Madrid. It loosened, swung back and forth, then fell with a plop to the floor just as the curtain went down. Marc just scooped it up, stuck it on and took his curtain call.

Of the time in 1939, at the Italian border, where he had to play every phonograph record for the suspicious Fascist guard before entering the country. In Germany, where they were trailed by a Gestapo man with a floor-length black cape and black hat they named "The Phantom of the Opera." The Axis countries suspected everyone. Of being caught in Paris after war was declared and ducking into a shelter every time a plane crossed the border, which was about every twenty minutes!

"After seven years with the ballet, I decided it was time for the next step on the road to Hollywood—Broadway. I got a part in 'The Lady Comes Across' which lasted three performances. Then came 'My Dear Public' which the public didn't

Are you in the know?



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- ☐ *Choose cut-out toes*
- ☐ *Shun fussy, light-hued shoes*

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show . . . don't cause revealing outlines! And Kotex' special *safety center* gives you extra-special protection. That's why there's no need to worry about accidents.



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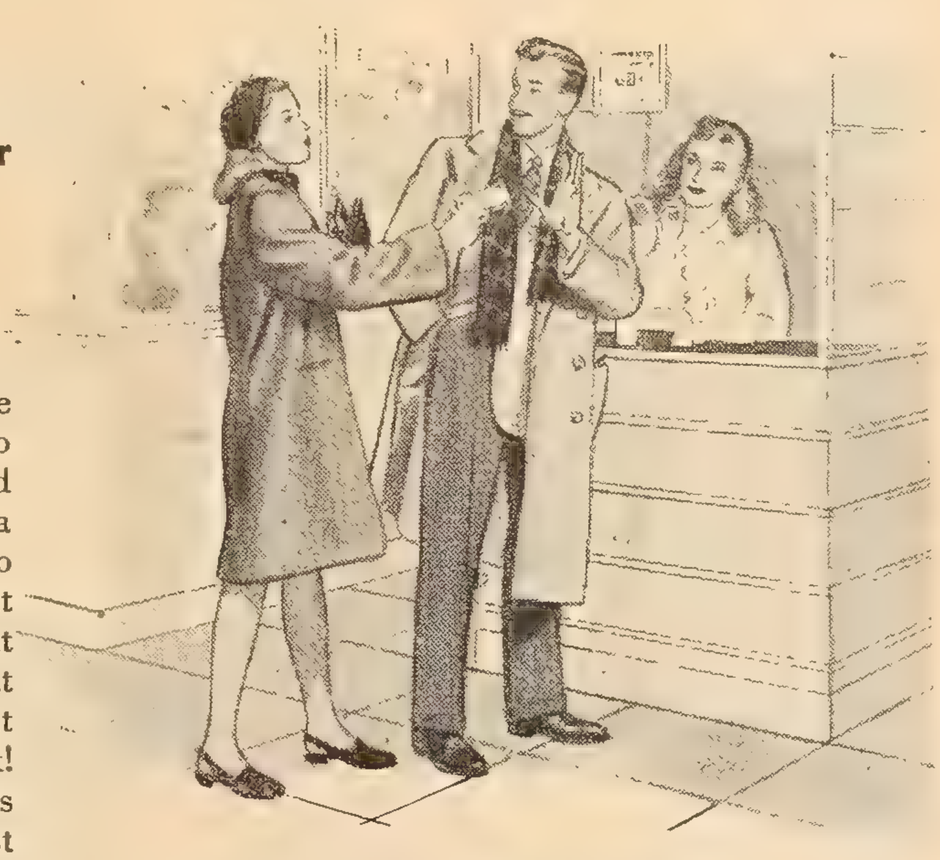
- ☐ *Water wave*
- ☐ *Pin curl wave*
- ☐ *Finger wave*

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. *Now, Kotex contains a deodorant.* Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

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- ☐ *It's a pre-arranged date*
- ☐ *You meet unexpectedly*
- ☐ *You never saw him before*

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*



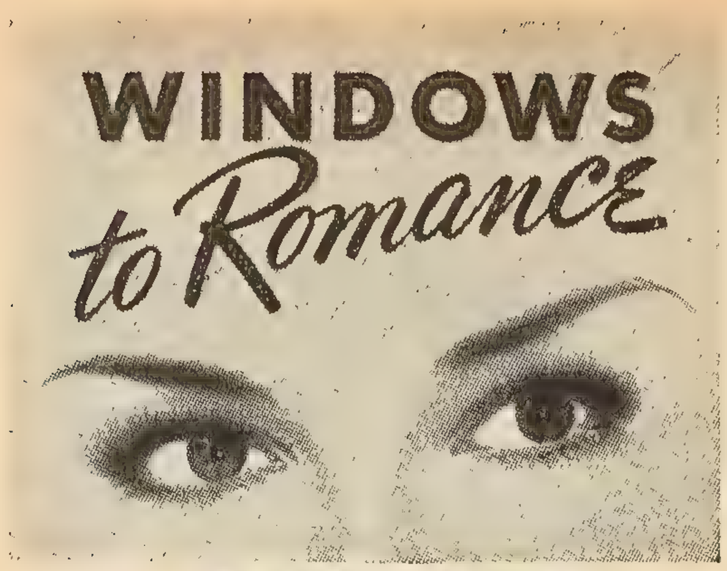
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go for, and George Abbott's 'Beat the Band' which ran eight weeks. So it goes in the life of an actor. You just chalk it up to experience," Marc added.

After the show closed, Marc and Eleanor were married in New York City Hall, October 18, 1942, a high point in his personal life but a low point in his career. When nothing opened up on Broadway, Marc took a spot in a night club. "Fortunately," he went on, "it only lasted three months when I quit to join the ballet corps of 'Oklahoma!' I was there a year, less two weeks, when Columbia bought up my contract."

Marc, Eleanor and Ted live in a small modern stucco house in San Fernando Valley in which he thinks the dining room is the most attractive room. When someone asked him what special features the house had, he answered, "There are lots of boysenberries which, like *Topsy*, just grow." The Platts live on a strict budget and manage the house themselves. They like to entertain informally, particularly at spaghetti dinners, for a small circle of friends. In the group are the Zachary Scotts, whom they knew in New York where Mrs. Scott was stage manager for "Oklahoma!"

Their young son, Ted, was named after a friend of Marc's who was killed in the Tunisian campaign. He will be a year old, officially, in four years as he was born on February 29. His parents tossed a coin to see whether he'd celebrate his birthday on February 28 or March 1, three years out of four. March 1 won.

Marc likes people, motorcycles, pipes, sunshine, baseball, football and good music. He dislikes Brussell sprouts, all work and no play.

His only hobby is his young son, but he enjoys a hair-raising ride on a motorcycle, swimming and horseback riding. He plans to travel someday to Mexico, the South Pacific and his wife's birthplace, Shanghai. He speaks a smattering of French and can speak English with a Lancashire dialect which he learned for his part in "Tonight and Every Night."

While he made a test for Paramount several years ago, he credits his mother, his wife and Columbia Pictures with getting him to Hollywood. As for seeing his own pictures, he says he'll "try anything once."



Ginny Simms studies the design, apropos of his profession, decorating Harry James' tie.



No Ceiling on Success

Continued from page 41

over a length of salami at a delicatessen counter,) and began developing his flair for dramatics by appearing with upstate New York stock companies. While he was on a night club tour of the midwest a talent scout spotted him and handed him a one-way ticket to be-tinselled Hollywood for a screen test. His stars must have been in the proper conjunction, creating heavenly harmony, because he came up with a fat contract and an order to make quick like Gershwin.

Studio maestros liked him so well in the rôle they promptly gave him the leading rôle opposite Joan Leslie in "Cinderella Jones," and then, perversely, as they do things in Hollywood, they plunked both finished pictures on the shelf until their more timely war pictures could be released. Bob proved himself a real trouper the day he was scheduled to make his most dramatic scene for "Rhapsody in Blue." It was Gershwin's death scene and he was naturally nervous about the whole thing. Then, called to the phone, Bob was told that his son, Allie (Alphonse), had been stricken with infantile paralysis and was being rushed to the Children's Hospital. Bob controlled himself, returned to the set, completed his scene in just one miraculous take, and then drove like a madman to Allie's bedside. The boy is all right now, thanks to the Sister Kenny treatment and to the faith Bob and his wife, Joan, had in his recovery. Today, Allie owns the pony and frolics in the pool on the California farm his Dad had always promised him.

Bob's magnificent break has done nothing to change him basically, except to give him—for the first time—great confidence in his capabilities. An entertainer first, last, and always, Bob wants to entertain the people. He's a much happier guy since the studio let the public get a look at him in "Rhapsody in Blue."

Unlike Mr. Alda, Dick Erdman has gamboled across the local screen exactly five times in just one year! And each time the audience has gasped as one man: "Who *is* that kid?" Dick could well be called America's answer to the nursery tale character, *Shock-headed Peter*. His blond mop, unruly as it is, was one of the main reasons for his first screen rôle—*Scooper Nolan* in "Janie." No studio-phonied hair, Dick's baby pictures show him wearing the same fright wig.

Born in Enid, Oklahoma, a scant twenty years ago, Dick began his theatrical training at the age of five. When his sister Izetta joined the drama club at Northwestern State Teachers' College, she suggested using her baby brother for the children's rôles. Dick began getting calls, and overnight became the college pet because the student body thought he was so "cute."

"Actually," Dick says, "I was and am just a show-off!"

His mother, an excellent pastry cook, bought a café, and by the time he was nine, Dick, who worked with her, was the best hamburger chef in the state. In high school he belonged to every drama group, played basketball and tennis, and edited the school paper.

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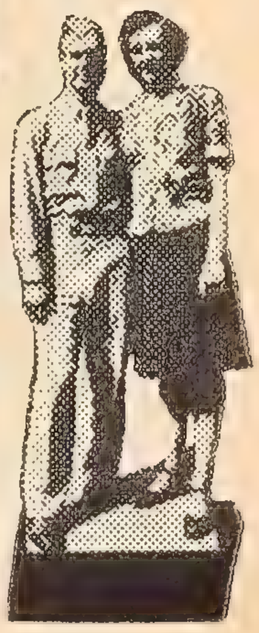
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For years Dick heckled his mother about moving to Hollywood, and so, when he was eleven, they compromised on Colorado. Here another Erdman café blossomed out and Dick went into business for himself after school hours. His model airplane shop made money, and at the end of four years he maneuvered his mother still farther west.

Once in Hollywood Dick enrolled in Hollywood High School, delivered newspapers, and became a professional weekend gardener. He struck up a friendship with Albert Band, an upper classman. Albert left school just a year before Dick and wangled a job as an assistant film editor at Warner Bros. Then, when Dick wrote, directed and starred in a musical comedy for the school (which sold some $100,000 worth of war bonds) Albert rushed excitedly to Sophie Rosenstein, studio drama coach, with the news that he'd just discovered a natural for the boy in "Janie." Sophie called in Dick to read for her and after just ten minutes she sent out an S.O.S. for director Michael Curtiz. Curtiz signed Dick on the spot and his career was off to a flying start. From "Janie" he went into "Hollywood Canteen," and turned in a completely heart-warming job in "Objective, Burma."

"Success?" Dick queries. "All it means is the money to buy a restaurant for my mother—the best cook in the country."

Another up-and-coming young guy who wanted to prove something, did just that. For eight years William Prince had been trying to prove to Broadway producers that he could act. Just about a year ago



Carmen Miranda can always produce something new in wearing apparel. Here she is in costume for her rôle in "Doll Face."

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Screenland Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1945. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been dul sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Screenland Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the name and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Paul Hunter, 37 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Delight Evans, 37 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, John Dungan, 37 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. That the owner is: Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; Atlas Corporation, 33 Pine St., New York, N. Y.; Hamilton & Co., c/o Manufacturers Trust Co., Securities Dept., 55 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; Lake & Co., c/o Manufacturers Trust Co., Personal Trust Co., 55 Broad St., New York, N. Y.; Moore & Schley, 100 Broadway, New York 5, N. Y.; Floyd B. Odlum, 33 Pine St., New York, N. Y.; Joseph E. Widener, George D. Widener, P. A. B. Widener 2nd, Schofield Andrews, Trustees of Estate of P. A. B. Widener, deceased, 405 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia 10, Pa.; Lancaster and Co., c/o The Royal Trust Co., 66 King St., West, Toronto 2, Ontario, Canada. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the co pany as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Paul Hunter Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1945. Edith M. Garramone (My commission expires March 30, 1946.) Seal.

he was doing a darned good job of it as *Quizz West* in "The Eve of St. Mark."

First inspired by his school public-speaking teacher's stories of theatrical lore, Bill aimed at a dramatic career. He put up with three years of Cornell University's pedantry before attacking the stage bodily. The WPA's production of "The Taming of the Shrew" was his first venture, and he claims to have played "the subway circuit" as *Lucentio* for just one season. He sidestepped this semi-pro work in order to do a bit in a Summer stock play starring Ed Gardner (then an agent, now *Archie*, mine host of "Duffy's Tavern"). Bill paid for his part by assisting the stage manager. Stars were still in his eyes when the play folded, but no producer nibbled at his talent-bait and Bill was forced to turn his back on Broadway, temporarily at least.

He landed a temporary job in the statistical department of a radio network, and when the job stretched into a full year's work it so inspired him that he married Dorothy Hvass, a New York publicist. It was a good thing that Dorothy had inherited a vest-pocketful of money, because they'd no sooner signed the marriage certificate than Bill found himself beating feet up and down Broadway again.

After a season at Virginia's Barter Theater ("I worked for room, board and cigarette money," Bill says), he became one of ninety extras in Max Reinhardt's "The Eternal Road." Although the magnificent spectacle completely fascinated him, he readily admits that he's never worked so hard for fifteen dollars a week in his life.

Bill doesn't quite recall how he did it, but he managed to read for Maurice Evans who carried him for a season in New York and another on the road. Bill did two Shakespearian bits with the Evans troupe, and understudied actor Arthur Kennedy.

Giddy over this whiff of success, Dorothy Prince exchanged some of her inherited stock for the necessary greenbacks and exchanged *them* for two third-class tickets on the Bremen. They did a quick and war-panicked tour of England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, and France and sailed for home just twenty-four hours before the Nazis marched on Poland and the world plunged into general fisticuffs again.

Back home once more Bill pursued his hobby, photography, only because nobody was casting anybody—and particularly Bill. He began canvassing the neighborhood and taking coy snapshots of the local offspring until he found a job as an announcer at New York's WQXR. After working from 7:30 a.m. until eleven at night, it's no wonder to note that he muffed a complete fifteen-minute news broadcast one evening, and found himself jobless the next day.

Now, with young Jeremy Prince to look out for, Bill sat down and wrote an inspired letter to Eva Le Gallienne of the Theater Guild. Something he said in his note caught her fancy and two days later Bill found himself with the part of *Richard* in "Ah, Wilderness."

"After that it was easy," Bill says. Warner Bros. signed him right off the stage, he moved his family to Hollywood,

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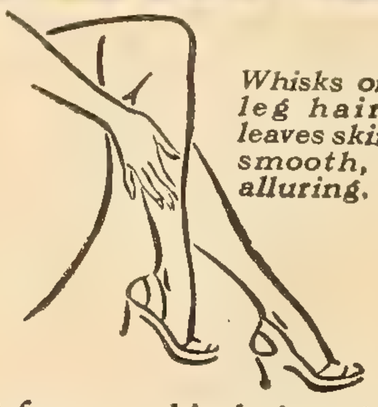
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and made a hit in his first picture, "Destination, Tokyo," as the young Naval corpsman. Came Liza Jane, and smack on her eleven-month birthday, Warner Bros. handed him his star papers on the strength of his comedy performance in Ida Lupino's "Pillow to Post."

The spot left vacant in "The Eve of St. Mark" by Bill's hegira to Hollywood was quickly filled by a young actor named John Dall. John's theatrical experiences could fill a couple of small books. Not always a success, John at least made his primary experiences pay off. Each rôle taught him something new until today he is one of the most polished actors of his age to reach the cameras.

From the *Quizz West* rôle, John came to Hollywood expecting to be welcomed with open arms, as would any ambitious and excited young guy who had just put his name to a contract that promised him the sun, the moon and the stars. But he sat in his hilltop home for one year before the studio even gave him a call; and then that call (which had him on the verge of nervous hysteria) was only to have him pick up his studio identification card!

John had reservations on the next train east when the second call came. This one bore fruit, for it ordered him to smear his not-handsome face with coal dust and test for the most talked-about rôle of the year: the coal miner in the erstwhile Ethel Barrymore stage hit, "The Corn Is Green." Bette Davis, star of the piece, took one long look at the Dall test—only one of many—and demanded him on the spot.

Dall was born in New York City on May 26, 1918. Ten years later he moved to Panama with his family when his father signed an engineering contract in that country. At thirteen John's height, egged on by the tropical clime, had soared to six feet one inch. A little embarrassed, and to belie his youth, he got a job as janitor in a Panamanian theater.

This first touch with the footlights (although he was on the wrong side of them at the time) so excited him that he promptly abandoned his earlier ambition to become (in sequence) a fireman, cop, street cleaner, and crooner, to aim at a stage career. When the company's character actor fell ill, John was drafted into service and at fourteen became a sixty-year-old man in a little gem brilliantly entitled "Yes Means No."

Back in the States John continued his studies and during the Summer worked with the Petit Theater in New Orleans, the Lakewood Players in Maine, and five other worthy groups. He covered every state in the Union, and wound up at Columbia University, where he lasted just six months before returning to the stage. Broadway trounced him around for a while until "The Eve of St. Mark" proved his worth and Hollywood beckoned.

A guy with good balance, John once wrote half a dozen blood-and-thunder tales which he sold to the pulps under the provocative pseudonym "H. Tweadwell Vanderwalt." He calls his literary babies "beautiful trash," and keeps copies of them under lock and key, referring to them only whenever he begins to get a little giddy over his good luck.

Bette Davis has said of him: "He is

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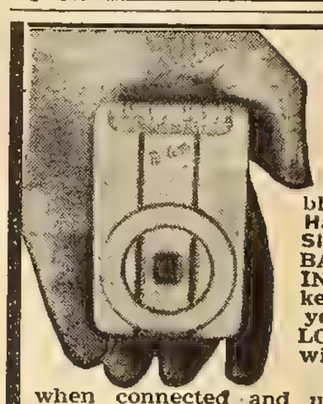
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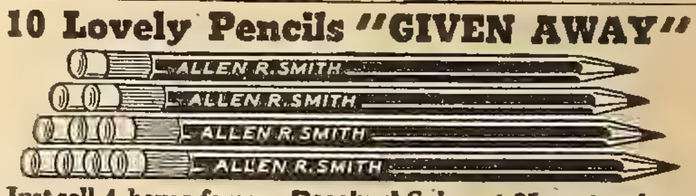
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Lina, the Stars Are Brighter Now

Continued from page 30

stool and we started away. I glanced back at my friend from Sioux City. He was staring at me with a kind of hurt expression on his honest pan, and I felt suddenly guilty. I suppose I should have introduced him to Lina. If he just hadn't kept capitalizing that word.

At the table I stared at Lina until her brown eyes dropped and she began playing with her fork. She said with an excited little laugh, "This is my first interview."

Well, what can you do with a girl like that? In a town where movie stars are so aware of writers that they start going into the old routine before you get your napkin tucked under your chin, this was startling—and refreshing. "All right," I said, "let's begin. You——"

"I was born——"

"Yes, I know," I said hastily, "but what are you shooting at? What's ahead of you?"

Just then the waitress came up with a pad and pencil. "Could I have your autograph?" she asked.

Lina took the pencil and wrote her name with a flourish. "Your first autograph, too?" I asked.

"No, not quite. Once when I came out from a preview of 'Bathing Beauty'——"

"Oh, I remember," I said. "You were very good in that. Didn't you play a guitar with Horace Heidt and Xavier Cugat?"

"Yes," she said very seriously. Then she went into a eulogy of Mr. Cugat and his wonderful orchestra while I kept trying to get the interview back under control.

Suddenly Lina looked up and smiled. It was the guy from Sioux City. He was grinning apologetically and he held out a note book and a fountain pen. "Could I—would you—?" he mumbled.

"I'd love to," Lina said.

When he had gone Lina kept staring after him. "I think he's nice," she said.

"He's in the 'Profession' now but he used to sell wallpaper."

"Maybe that's what makes him so nice. I think he has a kind face."

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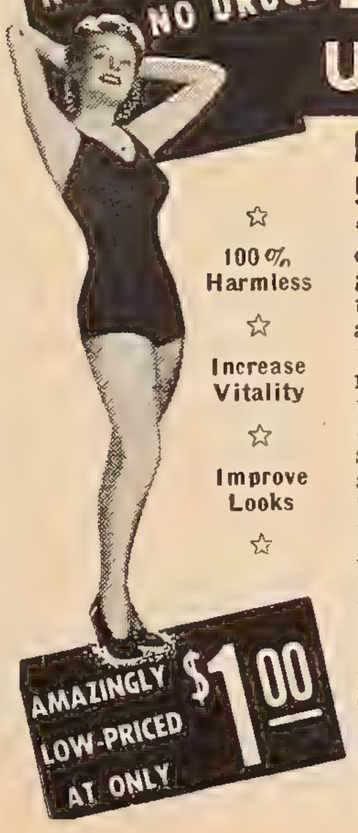
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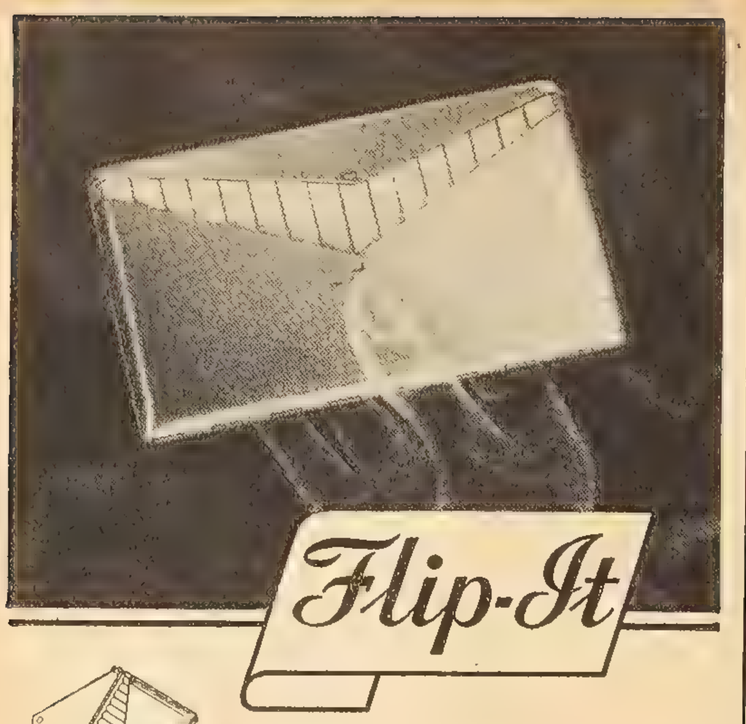
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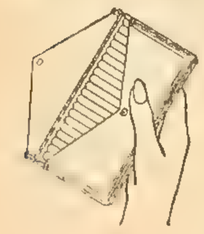
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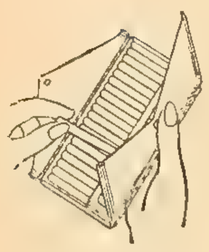
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"Even Mr. Cugat?"

"Mr. Cugat most of all. He was wonn-n-derful."

"You Latins carry a torch for each other, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. But I don't suppose I can really claim to be a Latin. My father, who is now an attaché in the office of the consul-general here in Los Angeles, is French and Spanish, and my mother is Irish and Norwegian. What does that make me?"

"Pure New York."

"But don't you want to hear how I got into the movies?"

"I was hoping we'd get to that," I said.

She told me then about Mr. Cugat and the two different times he asked her to join his band as a feature singer and guitar player. The first was in Detroit where a theater, a rival to the one where Mr. Cugat was playing, decided to put on a Latin-American show and engaged Lina to sing a couple of songs accompanying herself on the guitar. The orchestra leader caught the show and offered Lina a contract.

It was then that Mr. Cugat got the surprise of his life. She turned him down, having decided that she would rather stay at home with her folks. Well, you know, people don't do that to Mr. Cugat. He went away in a huff.

A year or so later, after her family had moved back to New York, Horace Heidt was looking for a girl who could sing French songs. "I had always sung in Spanish," Lina says, "but I made a terrific try and Mr. Heidt signed me. I toured with him a while but I was out of my element in French and finally I asked to be released from my contract."

Back again in New York, Lina's agent learned that Mr. Cugat was desperately in need of a singer who could also play a guitar. The agent said he knew just the one, and the next day turned up with Lina. Cugat did a quick double-take and then, being a Spanish gentleman, surrendered.

After that Lina toured the country with Cugat's band, eventually landing in Hollywood where they made a couple of pictures for Columbia Studios. Later they were featured in "Two Girls and a Sailor," "Bathing Beauty" and "Weekend at the Waldorf" for MGM. "We did quite well in those pictures," Lina says. Soon after Metro offered her a contract.

It was while she was playing in "Bathing Beauty," and after she had been long enough in Hollywood to know better, that Lina fell in love with John Lawrence Adams, an investment broker, and married him. It was the first time Lina had been in love, and she was wonderfully happy. She was determined to disprove that old Hollywood bugaboo that careers and marriage won't mix. But Fate recently took a hand in the matter with the result that divorce proceedings are now under way.

It wasn't long after they were married that her husband got the nod from the Navy, so Lina settled down in their modest apartment and to hard work. At MGM studios her days are filled with lessons with Gertrude Fogler, the diction coach, Harriet Lee whose specialty is voice, and

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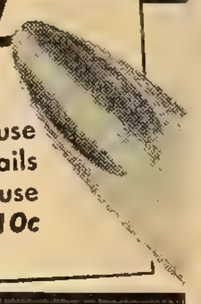
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Lillian Burns who teaches dramatics. "So many girls think that just being pretty is open sesame in Hollywood," she says. "But, believe me, it isn't. It will get you just a little way up the ladder. You have to work. You have to dance until your legs feel like posts and say, 'How now, brown cow' over and over and over. Then they give you scripts to take home and study. It isn't just glamor and posing before a camera. Of course, you're supposed to have some talent to begin with, but after that it's mostly labor."

I asked her what sort of pictures she wants to do in the future. She had just started to reply when the waitress came by and looked at her admiringly. "She's nice, isn't she?" Lina said.

"Lovely," I said. "But would you mind telling me what you're going to do in your next picture?"

Well, there were some impassioned Latin gestures, the hands making a swift, fluid pattern before her face. This picture, I was given to understand, the piece called "Adventure," in which Greer Garson and Clark Gable have the leads, is really calculated to knock the cash customers in the aisles. In it Lina plays a designing little character who is after Clark Gable with no holds barred. "I kiss him three times," she said. And I was led to believe that until I had seen that sequence I hadn't been around much and hadn't seen anything. Also that this is the sort of thing, the kind of part, that she would most like to do. She wants to get away from singing, guitar-playing, fandango rôles for a while and see what happens. It is easy to understand that plenty might happen—depending on the fortitude of the actor who plays opposite her.

If Miss Romay ever fails in a rôle assigned her, it won't be because she doesn't work hard enough. When not engaged at the studio she dashes home and studies the cultural tomes the studio recommends, writes music (she has already had two songs published) and practices on the piano and guitar. Her method of writing songs is novel but effective. She plays the piece on the piano the way it runs through her head and then calls in someone who knows how to put the cabalistic signs down on paper. For Miss Romay can't read a note. "It never seemed very necessary," she says. "I have a good ear and a good memory. And I can always find someone who will write out the notes for me."

In between times she goes on hospital tours, having only recently returned from one where she personally entertained more than 1800 wounded veterans. "There was one," she says, "a boy who had been so badly burned about the face that he was afraid to leave the hospital. He didn't have the courage to face his wife. I told him that his wife wasn't in love with his face—she was in love with *him*. Finally he agreed to meet her. As it turned out I was right. The girl was wonderful and that boy is happy now. To this day I think that's the most important bit of work I ever achieved."

Admitting that she is probably Hollywood's most credulous person, she is completely unable to forget anyone who has ever done her a favor. There was Herschel Hart, a newspaper man in Detroit who arranged for her first radio job at five dollars a performance. She still thinks that was wonderful. And he it was who prodded her into asking $100 a week when the theater in Detroit decided to put on a show in competition with Cugat. She took her courage in both hands and made the demand. When the manager came to he asked her feebly if she'd mind repeating the figure. Lina told him again and the $100 a week was granted. "Then," Lina says, "*I* fainted."

And finally, of course, there was Xavier Cugat. Miss Romay never gets far away from him in her thoughts—what he did for her by giving her the first big chance, the way he drove and taught her the value of work, work and more work. He used to say: "Talent? Pouff, it is nothing! Without work talent is like a flower without sunshine. It will die." Cugat, she says, is tough but honest. He makes his artists dig deep within themselves and never accepts second best.

A slender young person, decidedly Spanish in coloring and gesture, Miss Romay likes the exotic clothes and jewelry so much in favor south of the border—bright colors and massive silver bracelets. She designs most of her apparel and likes dresses with a lot of "swirl." She plays tennis but thinks she isn't very good at it. Swimming and diving are her sports and she admits that if she brushed up she could give exhibitions in diving again as she once did in Detroit. An excellent cook, particularly with Mexican foods, she would rather throw a dinner in her own small apartment than to go to night spots. "They take too much energy," she says. But any kind of Mexican fiesta finds Lina knocking the strings out of her guitar and, incidentally, knocking a good deal out of herself. At the Cinco de Mayo celebration held in Los Angeles, attended by some 40,000 Mexicans, she sang until she was hoarse. "But what an audience," she says. "Anyone would work his head off for such good people."

Studio executives being what they are, shrewd business men who know the value of their "properties," Lina is being groomed carefully and thoroughly. To compensate for her lack of much previous dramatic experience, she is being given every advantage and will be handed increasingly important rôles as she develops. Essentially a realistic young person, Lina has no illusions about the easy road to screen success, and is willing to pay the enormous price necessary to any kind of distinguished career in Hollywood. She has, however, one great advantage. She is startlingly beautiful and she is photogenic enough to send the still men back to their laboratories waving their arms and talking to themselves. "I'm not Garbo," she says with refreshing candor, "but I'm willing to mind my teachers and maybe if I keep my feet on the ground—well, anything can happen in this town."

Someday we're going back to the Brown Derby again. We each have our own reasons. If we should run into the man from Sioux City, Lina wants to get his professional advice on the redecoration of the new apartment on Beverly Glen into which she is moving shortly. And I'd like to know the magic process by which he leaped in one bound out of wallpaper and into the "Profession."

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Fans' Forum

Continued from page 14

patient, long suffering girl, or wife, waiting for her lover (or husband), to tire of the gorgeous "other" woman and return to her forgiving arms. But, even though the other woman is always dolled up in slinky attire and plays her oomph rôle to the hilt, it is Ruth Warrick who dominates the attention. You find yourself waiting for her reappearance on the screen, and you want to choke the philandering hero for not possessing the good sense to recognize a worthwhile gal when he has one.

I've seen her in only two pictures, so far "Guest in the House" and "China Sky." But they were enough to make me a Ruth Warrick fan. She has real acting ability, plus the kind of beauty that doesn't rub off with cold cream. And, if she were allowed to play a siren-ish, devil-in-her-eyes type of rôle, I'll bet she could give the much publicized glamor-pusses something to think about!

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Right now the world is sick and tired of heavy emotional dramas reminding them of things they want to forget, so how about some light comedy that we can just sit back and enjoy? A comedian with Mr. Wynn's ability is sure to go over with a bang!

As proof of his ability, take a look at the pictures this enterprising young man has already "stolen": "See Here, Private Hargrove," "The Clock" and "Without Love."

Let's give him a chance to prove how good he can be.

MARGUERITE MUNSON II,
Los Angeles, Calif.

After "Going My Way" I was so captivated by Bing I thought I could never get enough of him. I hoped to see Bing's pictures as a steady diet—weekdays and Sundays. Well, I got my wish, and now I'm crying for mercy!

Since the smash hit of "Going My Way" there has been an unending flood of Crosby films, old relics unearthed from the archives, most of which weren't prize-winners when first released, and which have not improved with age.

I still like Bing. I was beginning to wonder until the other day when I saw "Going My Way" again. Bing is still wonderful, but please take it easy, Hollywood, and until you can give us something new, at least reissue just the better old Crosbys.

DEE CHAPMAN, San Francisco, Calif.

Where did Hollywood get all of these handsome men? For instance Cornel Wilde, Guy Madison, Peter Lawford and John Dall. But there is one thing wrong. Why don't you give these men some young girls to co-star with? Let Gloria DeHaven or June Allyson or someone like them play opposite these men. This would really make a hit with us.

JEANNE PARRIS, Montgomery, Ala.

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She's a Natural

Continued from page 34

in the cinema city, have never made a dime out of Jeanne. She doesn't have to be pounded into shape. She's in shape. She never goes to beauty parlors. She shampoos her own hair and does her own nails.

Jeanne's off-screen life is as natural as her beauty. She lives with her mother and sister Rita, a student at UCLA, in a small house in Westwood. "I picked the house," says Jeanne, "because it has so many fireplaces." And when someone, impressed, asks "How many?" she meekly confesses, "Really only two." The family has only one car and Mrs. Crain drives Jeanne to the studio every morning, and picks her up there at the end of the day when she is working. This not only saves the family the expense of a second car, but also saves Jeanne from prowling studio wolves. Mrs. Crain is not a "movie mother," but she knows men. Jeanne has one pet, a wire-haired terrier named Terry, who dances the polka when coaxed with a tidbit. "Terry can say Mama too," says Jeanne proudly, "but no one believes it."

When she is working she gets up at five-thirty and is usually one of the first on the set. But when she isn't working her mother can't get her out of bed before noon. She gets home for dinner around seven, helps with the dishes (the Crains have no maid), and then studies her lines until it is time to go to bed. Saturday nights, and some weekday nights when she hasn't an early call, she likes to dress up and go dancing at the night clubs. Her evening clothes are chic and expensive, and the eating customers at the Mocambo have been known to let their roast beef and chicken-under-glass get as cold as a landlord's heart while they watch Miss Crain in open-mouthed admiration. At home and around the studio lot she wears dirndls and peasant blouses. She never wears stockings. And few people have ever seen her in a hat. She hates hats. Sunday morning always finds her in church. She is a most devout Catholic.

I had lunch with Jeanne one day recently at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, where she is now working in "Centennial Summer." "It's a wonderful cast," said Jeanne enthusiastically—she isn't the pictures-bore-me type, and probably never will be—"Linda Darnell, Constance Bennett, Dorothy Gish, Cornel Wilde, Bill Eythe and Walter Brennan. Of course I'm the shy violet again who gets her man," she added a bit regretfully. "But this time I don't have to be too pensive. I can be a little determined." Like all ambitious young actresses Jeanne just can't wait to get her non-capped teeth into something meaty.

It was just as well that I hadn't counted on a world-shattering interview with the Beauty. Not that Jeanne wouldn't have tried her level best. She's a most cooperative young star. But every time I popped a question an actor plunked himself down at the table. And no matter how obnoxious I became, or how many times Jeanne sweetly said, "It's an interview," he would simply refuse to budge. Actors adore

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The Christmas present Margaret O'Brien wanted most was the liveliest—a cocker spaniel. You'll see Margaret next in "Bad Bascomb" with Wallace Beery.

Jeanne. They're no dopes. Not because she gives them the usual "snappy line"—Jeanne is probably the quietest person in Hollywood—but because they like her unspoiled sweetness. There was Vincent Price. And Cornel Wilde. And Dick Haymes. And Dana Andrews. And Bill Eythe. "Is this an interview, or a Screen Actors' Guild meeting?" I asked sarcastically, not that anyone paid me the slightest bit of attention.

Jeanne, still a fan herself, gets crushes on actors. Her present crush is Gregory Peck. She wishes Mr. Zanuck would fix it so she could do a picture with him. "Mr. Peck's wonderful," sighed Jeanne. "Wonderful" is Jeanne's favorite word. "And he said the most wonderful thing to me. I ran into him shopping in Westwood Village one day after he had started work on 'Spellbound' with Ingrid Bergman. Miss Bergman is my favorite actress. 'Is she lovely?' I asked him. 'Yes,' he said, 'she's lovely. They call her the Jeanne Crain of the Selznick lot.'"

When she dresses up of a Saturday night with her new mink coat, which she gave herself three months ago, thrown casually across her shoulders, her escort usually is Paul Brooks, handsome young actor who is the spittin' image of Errol Flynn. But after talking with Jeanne awhile you sort of suspect that her heart belongs to Lon McCallister, who is still in the Army. She and Lon met on the set of "Home in Indiana"—which picture catapulted Jeanne, Lon and June Haver into stardom. He called her "Diane" and she called him "Chico" and between scenes they talked about doing a re-make of "Seventh Heaven" some day.

"Lon's in Anchorage, Alaska," Jeanne said. "He writes me wonderful letters. He always ends up asking me to tell him everything I'm doing. 'I feel so completely out of things,' he writes. With so many of the boys coming back now, I hope it won't be long before Lon can take up his career where he left off. We'll play 'Seventh Heaven' yet." And as their studio owns the rights of the picture, once made famous by Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, they probably will.

Twenty-year-old Jeanne has had three embarrassing experiences in her short life as an actress. Before she signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox she was having lunch with friends in the RKO studio commissary one day. Nearby, surrounded by his henchmen, sat Orson Welles. After staring at her through the soup and salad he sent one of his underlings over to ask her her name and suggest an interview. Out of the interview came a screen test for the rôle of *Lucy* in "The Magnificent Ambersons." Jeanne had never faced a camera before, never had worn make-up, and hadn't the slightest idea what to do. "I was petrified," she said. The Welles version of the test was "she had something in person that didn't come through on the screen." "I was sick with embarrassment for days," she said. It left its mark too, because even today she hates to see herself on the screen. "If I see my rushes I go home and cry."

Then there was the time on location for "Home in Indiana" when she discovered she had sat down on some poison ivy. And, as follows day the night, broke out in poison ivy. Lon and June still tease her about that. In the scene in "State Fair" where she is supposed to become frightened on the roller coaster and bury herself in Dana Andrews' arms, she wasn't acting. She is deathly afraid of roller coasters. In fact they had to retake the scene several times. "It was humiliating," said Jeanne, a first-take girl. "I think the director thought I was hamming it up and over-acting. I wasn't over-acting, I was frightened."

Jeanne has a phobia against having her hair cut. If she has her way it will just grow and grow until she sits on it. Another phobia is that people won't be able to read her writing. So she writes everything oversize. "Like a moron," she says, with a smile, "but I'm not." She attended St. Mary's Academy, and was graduated from Inglewood High School. She had enrolled at UCLA but had to withdraw when Mr. Zanuck gave her the part of *Char* in "Home in Indiana." She has always intended re-enrolling because she wants to attend classes in astronomy and psychology. But right after her success in that first picture she was quickly popped into "In the Meantime, Darling," "Winged Victory," "State Fair," "Leave Her to Heaven," and now "Centennial Summer."

Her ambition is "someday to play a great rôle greatly." Her only superstition is against making plans. "I have a feeling that if I do plan something, and don't keep it secret, it will fall through." Her greatest fault, she thinks, is her self-consciousness. She covers it up beautifully in her social life by just sitting still and saying nothing. "I'm always self-conscious when I make a test," she says sadly. "But at least I overcome it as soon as I get the rôle." Next to hats and phonies she dislikes housework. She is looking forward to that day when the Crains will be rich enough to hire a flock of servants.

Jeanne was born Jeanne Crain, May 25, 1925, in the little town of Barstow, California, where her father was teaching school. When she was six months old the Crains moved to Los Angeles, where Mr. Crain got a better job. She discovered she had a flair for drawing when she was in grammar school and for a few months decided that she would grow up to be an artist. But in the eighth grade she felt the urge to be an actress. "I played a scar-faced Indian girl who was beautiful inside, in the school play that year." The applause of friends and family was sweet to her ears.

Her "discovery" was the reverse of the usual procedure. Instead of being on the stage of a small Los Angeles theater, Jeanne was sitting in the audience. Ivan Kahn, talent scout, came to see the play in hopes of finding a budding actress. He found one all right. But on the wrong side of the footlights. By Monday morning Kahn had her signed, sealed and delivered to 20th Century-Fox. And just in the nick of time too, as two other talent scouts glimpsed her that evening. And a few weeks later two national magazines appeared on the newsstands with Jeanne on the cover. (The first professional money she had ever made). The magazines were deluged with who-is-that-girl inquiries from the studios. But Twentieth had her all wrapped up. She isn't sorry. She likes it there fine. Hopes to stay a long time.

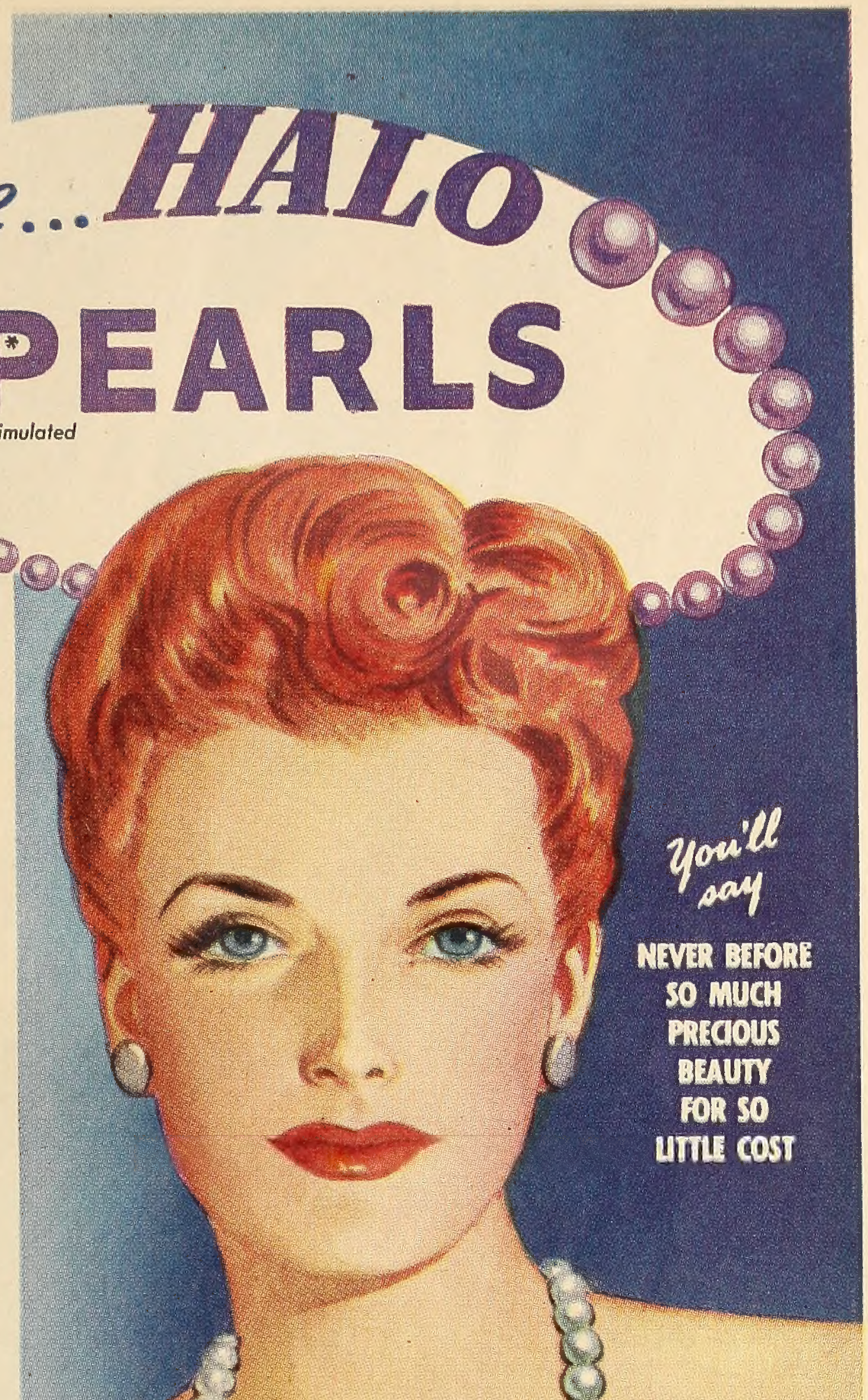
She gets lots of compliments these days, of course. Next to the one from Gregory Peck she likes the one paid her by a G.I. back from overseas. It was while she was on location forty miles from Flagstaff, Arizona, with the "Leave Her to Heaven" company. The G.I. was visiting friends on his way to the Pacific. They told him they had enough gasoline to drive him to see the Grand Canyon, or to the movie location.

"When they told me I might see you on the location," the soldier told her later, "I didn't have any trouble making up my mind. 'Jeanne Crain,' I said to 'em, 'Why, I'd rather see Jeanne Crain than the Grand Canyon any time!'"

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